THE CANADIAN

# METHODIST MAGAZINE.

*FEBRUARY, 1882.*

## THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.

I.

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand
Amid their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.

NOTHING more forcibly strikes a traveller from this New World to Great Britain than the number of great estates and old historic mansions of the English aristocracy. Their gray old towers and ivy-mantled walls are haunted with a thousand thrilling memories, "speaking of the past unto the present," and often asssociated with some of the most noteworthy lives and most notable events in the history of the English-speaking race. He who is familiar with the story of these great houses and of their noble owners, many of whom belong to the most ancient families of the realm, has obtained an insight into English history and English society such as he can obtain in no other way.

Few, however, can roam throughout the realm and gather up the local traditions, or search the ancestral archives, or learn this legendary lore. But this the authors of the stately volume before us, well worthy of its stately theme,* have done; and have placed the result of their labours with pen and pencil within the

* *The Stately Homes of England.* By LLEWELLYNN JEWETT, F.S.A., and S. C. HALL, F.S.A. Two vols. in one; pp. 400 and 360, with 380 engravings. New York: R. Worthington. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $8.

reach of all who are interested in the subject—and what patriotic heart is not? Through the courtesy of the publishers we are enabled to place before our readers specimens of some of the handsome engravings which grace these volumes, and to give brief sketches of some of the old castles, halls, and manors which are described. As, however, there are over thirty of these described in detail in these 760 pages, it will be evident that we can only cursorily treat the subject. For more adequate and satisfactory treatment we must refer our readers to the volumes, which will be found a perfect treasury of all that pertains to the ancient families and ancient historic houses of England. The first of these stately homes that we shall briefly describe is

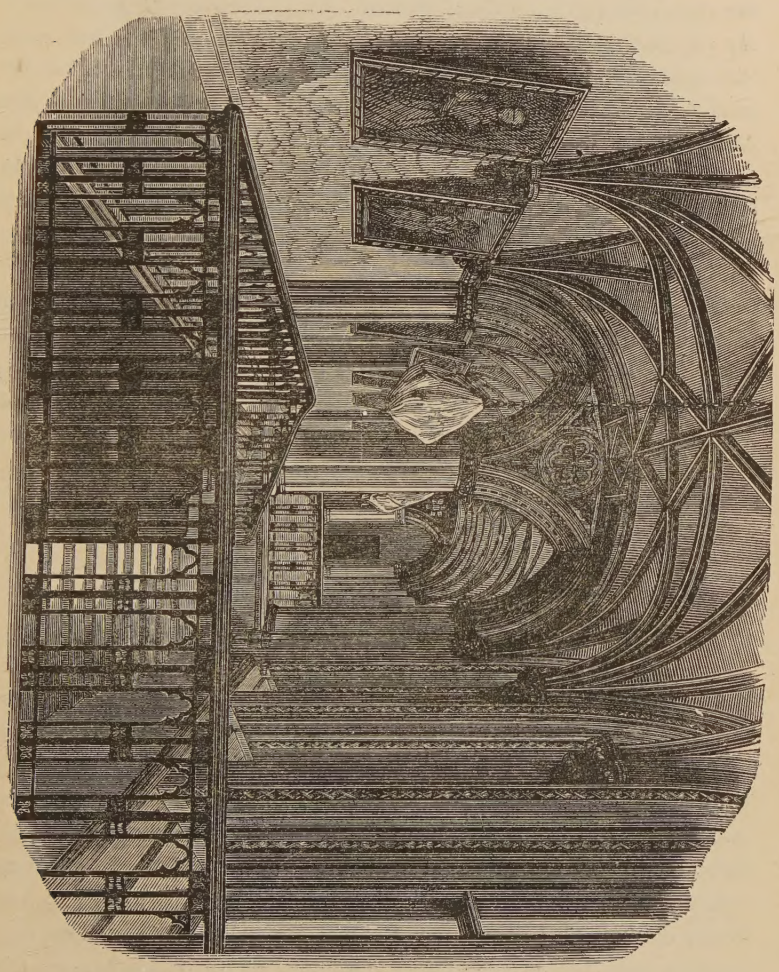
BELVOIR CASTLE.

One of the most majestic in character, commanding in situation, and picturesque in its surroundings, is this grand old seat of his Grace the Duke of Rutland. Situated near the junction of the three counties of Leicester, Nottingham, and Lincoln, it commands from its massy tower a panorama of sixty miles in diameter, and is itself the most conspicuous object in all that sweep of country. In its immediate neighbourhood is the famous "Vale of Belvoir," the theme of poet and delight of painter. A peculiarity of Belvoir is that it has no enclosed park—fences, lodges, gates are unknown. For miles on every side, and up to the very door of the castle, the public may ride or drive or wander on foot at will, without let or hindrance.

The history of the castle dates back to the Norman Conquest. William the Conqueror gave to his faithful standard-bearer, Robert Belvider, this fair estate, with four score manors beside. A long line of Lords of Belvoir reared its grim fortress, and enlarged its stately halls, and held them for the King and against his foes during the Lancastrian and Parliamentary wars. In 1645 King Charles and Prince Rupert themselves directed its defence. But the cannon of Cromwell battered its walls, and his stern Ironsides took it by storm. Often since has royalty been its guest, and its stately halls have given loyal welcome to the sovereigns of the realm, including—the noblest of her line—Her Majesty the Queen.

One would scarcely expect, to look at the grim fortress castle from without, that it possessed such luxurious appointments

within. The vaulting of the elegant stairway shown on this page, is all in solid stone. The picture gallery, a noble apartment, contains two hundred masterpieces, by Murillo, Rubens, Rembrandt, Guido, Vandyke, Reynolds, Durer, Cuyp, and others of the world's great painters; and the portraits of a long line of



GRAND STAIRCASE, BELVOIR CASTLE.

ancestors. The great dining-room contains a side-table of unique design. It is of solid marble, carved as if covered with a white linen table napkin—the folds being so accurately represented as to require a close inspection to convince the observer of the solidity of the material. The walls of the grand saloon are hung

with white satin, and the ceiling is elaborately paneled with mythological designs.

The Muniment-room is a perfect mine of historical documents. The deeds alone are over 4,000 in number, many of which go back to the 12th and 13th centuries. One grim document records the trial, in 1619, of Jean Flower, for the crime of witchcraft. By the instigation of "Sathan," to whom she had given her soul, and who attended her in the form of a dog or cat, she attempted by poison the death of the earl and countess. Being arrested, she called for bread, and wished that she might never eat more if guilty of the crime. "Whereupon she never spake more words after, but fell down and died, in terrible excruciation of body and soul; but the two sonnes of the Earl both dyed by the witch's wicked practice and sorcerye."

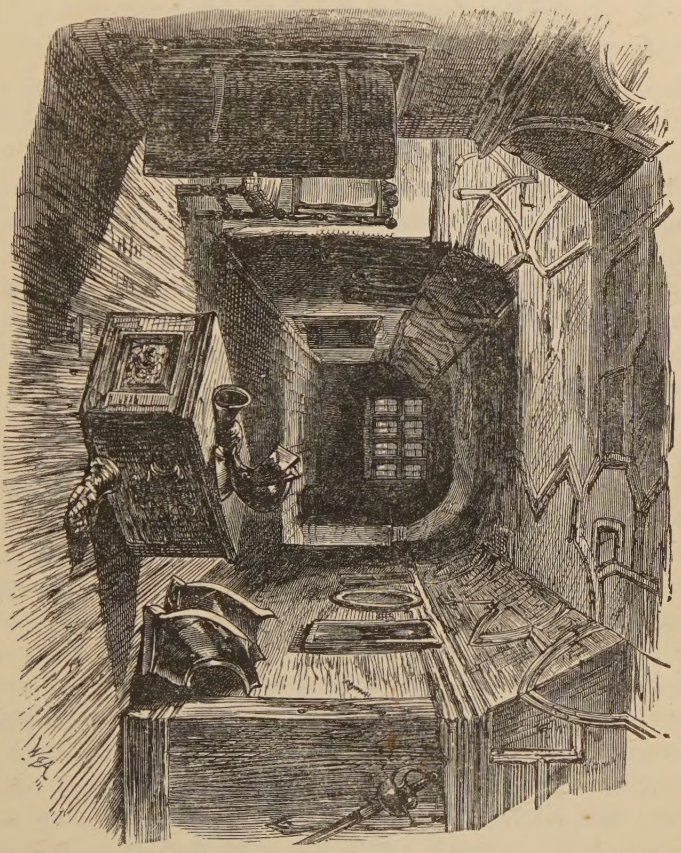
It is a delightful change to walk out of this gruesome chamber of the past into the lovely grounds of Belvoir—a perfect labyrinth of beauty, with stately trees, noble terraces, statuary, and parterres of flowers. *Bell-voir* is, indeed, well named, not only for the beautiful prospect from the building itself, but for its hundreds of beautiful prospects within its own boundaries.

> Farewell, fair castle, on thy lordly hill,
> Firm be thy seat and proud thy station still;
> Virtue and strength and honour crown thy walls;
> Love, joy, and peace abide within thy halls.

### KNOLE HOUSE.

Near the pleasant and picturesque town of Seven Oaks, in the fair and fertile county of Kent—the garden of England—rise the castellated walls of the ancient house of Knole. We approach through a winding avenue of noble beeches. Passing an embattled tower, we reach an outer and then an inner quadrangle, surrounded by the "huge hall, long galleries, and spacious chambers," for which Knole has long been famous. The old house dates back to the time of the Saxons; but on the Conquest it came into the possession of Odo, Count of Champaigne, the husband of the Conqueror's sister, Adeliza. Its occupant was called to Parliament in the time of Henry VI., under the afterwards famous title of Lord Say and Sele. He became Warden of the Cinque Ports, Constable of the Tower, and Lord Treasurer of England. The rebels, under Jack Cade, carried Lord Say to the

Guildhall, and after a mock trial, carried him to the Standard in Cheapside, where "they cut off his head and carried it on a pole, causing his naked body to be dragged at a horse's tail into Southwark, and there hanged and quartered."*



RETAINERS' GALLERY, KNOLE.

Here Archbishop Cranmer lived, and afterward Cardinal Pole, Archbishop of Canterbury. Escheating to the Crown, Knole

*The charges which, according to Shakespeare, Jack Cade urged against Lord Say, were these :—

"Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a Grammar School ; and, whereas, our fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used ; and contrary to the King, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian can endure to hear."

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was given by Queen Elizabeth to her favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Its most illustrious tenant was that Earl of Dorset, of whom Spenser writes :—

> "Whose learned muse hath writ her own record
> In golden verse, worthy immortal fame."

He was the author of the earliest English tragedy in blank verse, "Gordubuc," praised by Sidney for its "notable moralitie," and believed to have given rise to the "Faerie Queene." The corridors are hung with the portraits of all these famous men—those "unsceptred sovereigns who still rule our spirits from their urns."

The house is of many different ages. Its history is written in its varied styles of architecture, from the stern strength of its ancient feudal towers to the elegance and luxury of its more modern apartments. Its most characteristic features are its quaint old low-roofed corridors, one of which, the Retainers' Gallery, we present on page 101. It runs the whole length of the house, and is strikingly picturesque. The paneled roof, the old portraits on the wall, and mullioned window will be observed ; also the steel cuirasses, the helmets, and gaunlets of some grim warrior, who, perchance, has wielded on the field of battle the huge basket-hilted sword which we see. The walls of the adjacent armory—for the old house, by the help of its retainers, withstood more than one stout siege, and had a good store of arms—are lined with old flint and steel muskets of formidable bore, cutlasses, iron skull-caps, fine halberds, and the like. The walls were also loop-holed for archers and musketeers. After a sharp assault, Cromwell captured Knole and carried off several waggon-loads of arms. The house is full of quaint carved furniture, fine wrought metal fire-dogs, old oaken chests, such as that in the cut, and frayed and moth-eaten tapestry—wrought by fair fingers long since turned to dust. The great banquet-hall, with its huge fireplace, its solid oaken table, and minstrels' gallery, suggest the Christmas wassailing of the olden time. The private chapel is of stately proportions, flooded with golden light from the old stained-glass windows. The Bible texts on the walls serve to show that it is Protestant and not Catholic service that is celebrated. The King's Room, with its huge state-bed,

has successively given repose to Henry VII., Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, and James I.

"There is not a gallery, not a room," says our author, "that does not teach to the present and the future the lessons that are to be learned from the past. Every step has its reminder of the great men who have flourished in the times gone by, to leave their

'Footprints on the sands of time.'"

WARWICK CASTLE.

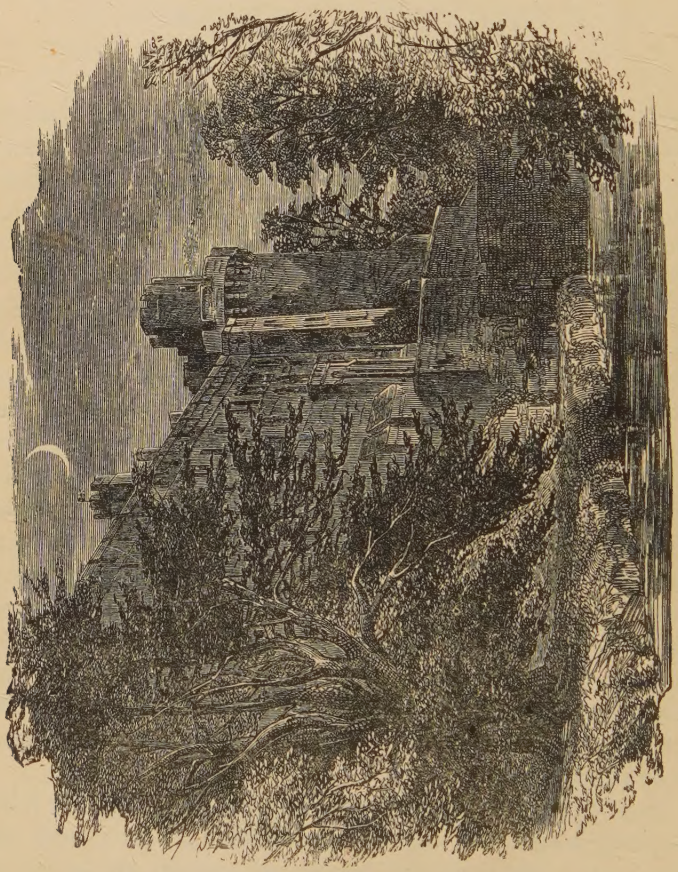
The present writer has vivid personal recollections of Warwick Castle, declared by Sir Walter Scott to be the finest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendour which remains in England. Its massive walls rise like a cliff in air, reflected in the waters of the moat beneath, and dominate the whole town. The town itself is said to be the oldest in the realm—built by the British king Cymbeline, destroyed by the Picts, and rebuilt by Caractacus, the Caerlëon of ancient times. The famous hero, Guy of Warwick, tradition avers, performed prodigies of valour before he became a hermit and retired to Guy's Cliff, where he died, A.D. 929. The legend records, with a fine touch of pathos, that while Guy was doing penance as a hermit, his lady was mourning his absence and praying for his return at the castle. It was her daily custom to bestow alms on the suffering, sorrowful, and needy; and the dole was frequently given by the unconscious wife to her unrecognized husband. As he lay dying, he made himself known by sending her a ring. So she watched and prayed and comforted him on his death-bed, surviving him but fourteen days; and they both were buried in the same cave, still shown, where the poor penitent had lived and died. The legend is a fine subject for a ballad-poem.

Another famous occupant of the castle was Warwick, the King-maker, who maintained 30,000 vassals on his own estates, and was the last of the turbulent barons who set up and put down puppet monarchs as he pleased.

Among the art treasures contained in the magnificent *suite* of apartments, extending over a hundred yards in a direct line, are superb garderobes, encoigneurs, cabinets, and tables of buhl and marqueterie, vases in ormulu, crystal, and lava, bronzes and busts, costly bijouteries, and rare antiques, paintings, and statuary.

In the dungeon of the grim Cæsar's Tower, shown in the cut, many a sad heart has died in solitude. On the walls are touching inscriptions and rude carvings of the unhappy prisoners.

All about the town may be seen the cognizance of the stout Earls of Warwick—the bear and rugged staff; and in St. Mary's church—one of the most beautiful in the kingdom—are seen



Warwick Castle and Cæsar's Tower.

their tombs—the cold Hic Jacets of the sepulchre, the end of all their pomp and power. In the silence and gloom their marble effigies, with hands clasped above their breasts, keep their lonely vigil in the solemn state of death, age after age. Here, too, are the tombs of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the unhappy favourite of Queen Elizabeth, and that of Lettice, his wife. The

stone steps of the chapel are worn in deep hollows by the feet of pious generations.

The "frowning keep," nearly hidden by the green foliage of the surrounding trees, may be accepted as an emblem of the Castle where reign tranquillity and peace, instead of fierceness and broil. Warwick, while it has lost little of its grandeur, has obtained much of grace from time. Time which—

> Moulders into beauty many a tower,
> That when it frowned with all its battlements
> Was only terrible.

BURLEIGH HOUSE.

Few characters in English history are more noteworthy than Queen Elizabeth's noble Treasurer and faithful adviser, William Cecil, Lord Burleigh. The maiden monarch delighted to visit the stately halls of Burleigh House, and was twelve times royally entertained by its hospitable owner, for several weeks together, with lavish expenditure. As the Lord Treasurer was pointing out the beauties of the demesne, the Queen, tapping him familiarly on the cheek with her fan, said, "Ay, my Lord, *my* money and *your* taste have made it a mighty pretty place." And many a monarch since has graced the pageantry of the baronial halls.

The park is seven miles in circuit, and the buildings, with their many turrets and chimneys, present a singularly picturesque appearance.

> The deer across the greensward bound
> Through shade and sunny gleam,
> The swan glides onward with the sound
> Of some rejoicing stream.

The visitor to Burleigh House is admitted through a massive archway to a great quadrangle, around which are grouped the halls and corridors and chambers of the mansion. See engraving on page 106. Queen Victoria's Hall is a magnificent banqueting-room, with an open timbered roof sixty feet high. Queen Elizabeth's bedroom, with its great state bed, hung with green velvet gold-embroidered tapestry, remains as when used by her maiden majesty, three hundred years ago. So magnificent were

the appointments of the House, that even the stern iconoclast, Cromwell, respected their beauty and left them unharmed.

What changes these time-hallowed walls have seen! The white and red roses of York and Lancaster contending for the victory, the long conflict between Papacy and Protestantism, the rivalry of Prince Rupert's ruffling cavaliers and Cromwell's stern Ironsides, the license and riot of the Restoration, the intrigues

GREAT QUADRANGLE, BURLEIGH HOUSE.

and jealousies of the Revolution—all have passed like a stream beneath these walls, which, while dynasties rise and fall, remain unchanged.

In the great picture gallery may be seen the portraits of a long line of brave men and fair women, who have borne a proud part in the history of their country, but before none of these

will the visitor linger with a more fascinated interest than before that of the fair Countess, who, dying at the early age of twenty-four, is immortalized in Tennyson's touching verse. The poet tells her story with little embellishment. Certain it is, the bride, who bore the unromantic name of Sarah Hoggins, and her family, had no idea of the rank and wealth of the wooer till the Lord of Burleigh had wedded the peasant-girl. And equally certain is it that the lady was soon bowed down to death by the heavy weight of honour "unto which she was not born." Let the sweetest poet of the time tell the touching story :—

In her ear he whispers gayly,
"If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watched thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well."
She replies, in accents fainter,
"There is none I love like thee."
He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she.
They by parks and lodges going
See the lordly castles stand :
Summer woods about them blowing,
Made a murmur in the land.
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns ;
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before ;
Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door.
And they speak in gentle murmur
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footsteps firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall.
And, while now she wonders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
"All of this is mine and thine."
Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free;
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the colour flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin,

As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.
But she strove against her weakness,
Though at times her spirit sank:
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all duties of her rank.
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.
But a trouble weighed upon her
And perplexed her night and morn,
With the burthen of an honour
Unto which she was not born.
So she drooped and droooped before him,
Fading slowly from his side.
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died.
Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourned the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh House by Stamford town.

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## "ONE LORD."

Oh Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But dim or clear we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

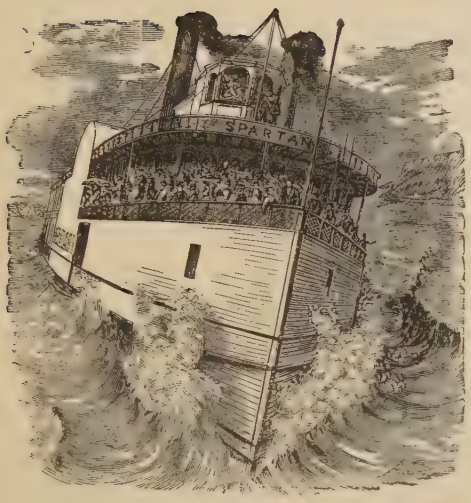
Apart from Thee all gain is loss
And labour vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy cross,
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven.

—*Whittier.*

# PICTURESQUE CANADA.

## THE ST. LAWRENCE.




RUNNING THE RAPIDS.

WITH the exception of the Amazon at its flood, the St. Lawrence is the largest river in the world. Its basin contains more than half of all the fresh water on the planet. At its issue from Lake Ontario it is two and a half miles wide, and is seldom less than two miles. At its mouth it is upwards of thirty miles wide, and at Cape Gaspe the Gulf is nearly a hundred miles wide.

There are three features of special interest in the St. Lawrence —the Thousand Islands, the Rapids, and the highlands of the north shore from Quebec down. The first are the perfection of beauty, the second are almost terrible in their strength, and the last are stern and grand, rising at times to the sublime. The noble river has been made the theme of a noble poem by Charles Sangster, a Canadian writer, who is too little known in his own country. In our brief sketch we shall enrich our pages with quotations from his spirited verse.

The Lake of the Thousand Islands begins immediately below Kingston, and stretches down the river for forty or fifty miles, varying from six to twelve miles in width. This area is profusely strewn with islands of all sizes, from the little rock, giving precarious foothold to a stunted juniper or a few wild flowers, to the large island, stretching in broad farms and waving with tall and stately forests. Instead of a thousand, there are in all some eighteen hundred of these lovely isles.

Sailing out of broad Ontario, we have on the left the Limestone City, our Canadian Woolwich, with its martello towers and forts. Here Count Frontenac constructed his stockade in 1672, and here during the war of 1812-15 was built a large line-of-battle ship of 132 guns, at a cost of £850,000, much of the timber, and even water casks, for use on these unsalted seas, being sent out from England. At the close of the war it was sold for a couple of hundred pounds.

Passing Forts Henry and Frederick, we enter the lovely Archipelago of the St. Lawrence—"Nature's carnival of isles." On they come, thronging to meet us and to bid us welcome to their fairy realm. They are of all conceivable shapes and sizes, scattered in beauteous confusion upon the placid stream. Some are festooned and garlanded with verdurous vines, like a young wife in her bridal tire, wooing the river's fond embrace. Others seem sad and pensive, draped with grave and solemn foliage, like a widow's weeds of woe.

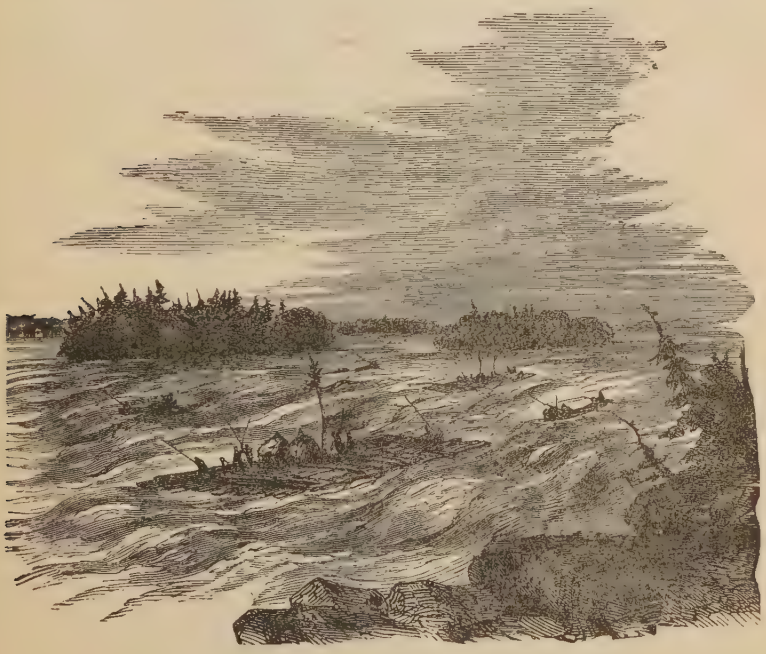
Here the river banks slope smoothly to the water's edge, and the thronging trees come trooping down, like a herd of stately-antlered stags, to drink; or like Pharaoh's daughter and her train to the sacred Nile. See where the white-armed birch, the lady of the forest, stands ankle deep in the clear stream, and laves its beauteous tresses. And behold, where the grey old rocks rear themselves like stern-browed giants above the waves, grave and sad, tear-stained and sorrowful—brooding, perchance, of the old years before the flood. See with what nervous energy they cling, those timorous looking pines, with their bird-like claws grappling the rock as tenaciously as the vulture holds his prey, or as a miser's skinny fingers clutch his gold.

Here is a shoal of little islets looking like a lot of seals just lifting their heads above the waves and peering cautiously around—you would scarce be surprised to see them dive and reappear under your very eyes. And over all float the white-winged argosies of fleecy clouds sailing in that other sea, the ambient air in whose lower strata we crawl like crabs upon the ocean floor. How beautiful they are, those spiritual-looking clouds! How airily they float in the tremulously palpitating, infinite blue depths of sunny sky, like the convoy of snowy-pinioned angels in the picture of the Assumption of St. Catherine, bearing so tenderly her world-weary but triumphant spirit, white-robed and

amaranth-crowned, rejoicing from her cruel martyrdom, and holding in her hand the victor palm, floating, floating, serenely away,—

"To summer high is bliss upon the hills of God."

Or seem they not like islands of the blessed, floating on a halcyon sea. How delicate they are, these snowy Alps on Alp in gay profusion piled, and yet as white and soft as carded wool —so remote, so ethereal, so uncontaminated with the dust and



Among the Islands.

defilement of earth. Thus do some souls appear to live above the cares of earth, on the cool, sequestered hills of life, free from the dust and defilement of sin. They seem to breathe a purer atmosphere, to be visited by airs from heaven, and to hold communion with its blessed spirits.

What lovely vistas open up before us as our steamer glides, swan-like, on her devious way. Now the islands seem to block up the path, like sturdy highwaymen, as if determined to arrest our progress. We seem to be immured in this intricate maze like Dædalous within the Cretan Labyrinth. Now, like the

rocky doors in Ali-Baba's story, as by some magic "*open sesame,*" they part and stand aside and close again behind us, vista after vista expanding in still increasing loveliness. How the smiling farm-houses wave welcome from the shore, and the patient churches stand like Moses interceding for the people's sins, invoking benediction on the land, and pointing weary mortals evermore to heaven. All nature wears a look of Sabbath calm, and seems to kneel with folded hands in prayer. See that lone sea-gull, "like an adventurous spirit hovering o'er the deep," or like the guardian angel of the little bark beneath. What a blessed calm broods o'er the scene! The very isles seem lapped in childhood's blessed sleep.

Isle after isle
Is passed, as we glide tortuously through
The opening vistas, that uprise and smile
Upon us from the ever-changing view.
Here nature, lavish of her wealth, did strew
Her flocks of panting islets on the breast
Of the admiring river, where they grew,
Like shapes of beauty, formed to give a zest
To the charmed mind, like waking visions of the blest.

Red walls of granite rise on either hand,
Rugged and smooth; a proud young eagle soars
Above the stately evergreens, that stand
Like watchful sentinels on these God-built towers;
And near yon beds of many-coloured flowers
Browse two majestic deer, and at their side
A spotted fawn all innocently cowers;
In the rank brushwood it attempts to hide,
While the strong-antlered stag steps forth with lordly stride.

Yon lighthouse seems like a lone watcher keeping ceaseless vigil the live-long night for some lost wanderer's return; or like a new Prometheus, chained forever to the rock, and holding aloft the heaven-stolen fire; or like a lone recluse in his still hermitage, nightly lighting up his votive lamp to guide bewildered wayfarers amid the storm.

But the fairest scenes at length will pass. We are fast leaving behind us these fairy isles. They are like the childhood of the river in which it gaily disports itself before the sober after-life, or like the illuminated title-page before the graver subject matter

of the after book. Now the river enters upon the earnest strife, the strenuous struggle of the rapids.

See that huge raft, with its many masts and sails, its group of houses and its enormous fire on the earthen fireplace in the

STEAMERS DESCENDING LOST CHANNEL, LONG SAULT RAPIDS, WITH STEAMER ASCENDING THE RIVER, VIA CANAL.

centre, around which the swarthy, gnome-like, red-bloused raftmen are dancing like the witches round the boiling cauldron in Macbeth. The raft looks like some little village which has

broken off from the shore, and is "seceding" *en masse* from its rightful allegiance. And there on that iron rock lie the giant limbs, the ghastly skeleton of some tempest-shattered barque on which the hurricane has wreaked its direst rage. See—

> "Where the cruel crags have gored its side,
> Like the horns of an angry bull."

The rapids begin about a hundred miles above Montreal, and occur at intervals till we reach that city. The actual descent is 234 feet, which is overcome in returning by 41 miles of canal and twenty-seven locks. Down this declivity the waters of five great lakes hurl themselves in their effort to reach the ocean.

As we approach the rapids, the current becomes every moment swifter and stronger, as if gathering up its energies and accumulating momentum for its headlong rush down the rocks, like a strong-limbed Roman girding for the race. Onward the river rolls in its majestic strength, oversweeping all opposing obstacles, yet not a ripple on its surface to betray its terrible velocity—by its very swiftness rendered smooth as glass. With still accelerated speed it sweeps onward, deep and strong, heedless of the sunny isles that implore it to remain—like a stern, unconquerable will, scorning all the seductions of sense in the earnest race of life. As we glide on we see the circling eddy indicating the hidden opposition to that restless endeavour. Now the calm surface becomes broken into foam, betraying, as it were,—

> "The speechless wrath that rises and subsides
> In the white lips and tremor of the face."

We are now in the Long Sault. The gallant steamer plunges down the steep. The spray leaps right across the bows. How she lifts her head above the waves, and like a strong swimmer struggling into the stream—like Cæsar in the Tiber, dashing the spray from out his eyes—she hurls them aside, bravely breasting their might, strenuously wrestling with their wrath. The mad waves race beside us like a pack of hungry, ravening wolves, "like a herd of frantic sea-monsters yelling for their prey, insatiable, implacable."

Are we past? Have we escaped? Now we can breathe more freely. We have come those nine miles in fifteen minutes,

and our gallant craft, like a tired swimmer exhausted by the buffeting of the waves, wearicdly struggles on. It is with a sense of relief that we glide out into the calm waters below.

The sensation of perceptibly sailing *down hill* is one of the

RAFTS OF LUMBER "RUNNING" THE RAPIDS, AT CEDARS, ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

strangest conceivable. The feeling is that sinking, sinking, down, down, somewhat akin to that in some hideous nightmare, when we seem to be falling, falling, helplessly, helplessly, adown

infinite abysses of yelling, roaring waters. But after the first strange terror is past, the feeling is one of the most exultant imaginable. It is like riding some mettlesome, high-spirited horse. A keen sympathy with the vessel is established, and all sense of danger is forgotten in the inevitable excitement.

The channel, in some places narrow and intricate, is marked out by floating buoys. See, there is one struggling with the stream like a strong swimmer in his agony. Now it is borne down by the restless current, and now with a desperate effort it rises above the angry waves with a hopeless, appealing look, and an apparent gesture of entreaty that at a little distance seems quite human.

Of the remaining rapids the Cascades are the more beautiful, but the Lachine Rapids, immediately above Montreal, are the more grand and terrible because the more dangerous. In the channel hidden rocks are more numerous. Before we enter the rapids, the Indian pilot, Baptiste, boards the steamer. He takes his place at the wheel seconded by three other stalwart men. You can see by his compressed lips and contracted brow that he feels the responsibility of his position. Upon his skill depend the lives of all on board. But his eagle eye quails not, his grim, imperturable features blanch not with fear. His cool composure reassures us. A breathless silence prevails. With a swift, wild sweep and terrible energy, the remorseless river bears us directly towards a low and rocky island. Nearer, nearer we approach. Baptiste! Baptiste! do you mean to dash us on that cruel crag? We almost involuntarily hold our breath and close our eyes and listen for the crash.

"Hard-a-port!" The chains rattle, and with a disdainful sweep we swing around; the trees almost brush the deck, and we flout the threatened danger in the face.

But new perils appear. See those half-sunken rocks lying in wait like grisly, gaunt sea-monsters ready to spring upon their prey? We seem to be in the same dilemma as Bunyan's pilgrim, when between giants Pope and Pagan. One or other of them will surely destroy us. How shall we avoid this yawning Scylla and yet escape that ravening Charybdis?

Well steered, Baptiste! We almost grazed the rock in passing! Hark! how these huge sea-monsters foam with rage and growl with disappointment at our escape! Our noble pilot guides the

gallant vessel as a skilful horseman reins his prancing and curvetting steed.

Thus there presideth ever o'er our lives a most unerring Guide. Thus, amid the wildest dash of circumstances, in the most resist-

In the Lachine Rapids.

less torrent of disaster, may we possess our souls in perfect quietness, having the blessed assurance that One is at the helm who knoweth all the shoals and quicksands, all the sunken rocks and lurking snares that beset us on life's perilous voyage—One

who can guide and guard us past and through them all, and bring at last our tempest-tried and storm-tossed barks to the quiet haven of everlasting rest. "That man is kept in perfect peace whose heart, O God, is fixed on Thee!"

Behold before us, striding across the stream, like some huge milleped—like some enormously exaggerated hundred-footed caterpillar—the wondrous bridge which weds the long-divorced banks of the St. Lawrence. Beneath it we swiftly glide, and skirting the massy docks of the Canadian Liverpool, and threading our devious way through the mazy forest of masts, we find our berth under the protection of the Royal Mount, which gives to this stately city its name. With what calm majesty it draws its brown mantle of shadow around it as the day departs, and prepares to outwatch the coming night, guarding faithfully forevermore the city sleeping at its feet.

See how the purple St. Hilaire and the blue hills in the remoter distance wear upon their high, bald foreheads the good-night smile of the setting sun, while the lower levels are flooded with darkness, like a crown of gold upon the brow of some Æthiop king.

Behold how the twin towers of the lofty "Church of our Lady" lift themselves above the city—a symbol of that spiritual despotism which dominates the land. And look where the twinkling lamps reveal the huckster's stalls, huddling around the "Church of Good Succour," like mendicants round the skirts of a priest. Trade and commerce seek to jostle from her place religion, rebuking ever their unrestful and corroding care. Listen to the heart of iron beating in yon lofty tower:—

> Now their weird, unearthly changes
> Ring the beautiful wild chimes,
> Low at times and loud at times,
> And mingling like a poet's rhymes.
> Like the psalms in some old cloister,
> When the nuns sing in the choir,
> And the great bell tolls among them
> Like the chanting of a friar.

# MISSIONARY HEROES.

## WILLIAM CAREY.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

THE time has passed for ever when any intelligent man will dare to sneer at Christian missions, or at Methodism, which in the field of missions has won its noblest fame. Yet within the lifetime of men yet living, one of the most intelligent and large-minded critics of Europe * and one of the most brilliant writers who ever used the English tongue, again and again employed the foremost literary review of Great Britain as the vehicle for uttering his scorn, contempt, and hate of both of these forms of Christian activity. At a time when the late Methodist Œcumenical Conference has drawn from the ends of the earth the learned and cultured representatives of the four and twenty millions of members and adherents of the Methodist Churches, and when the leading journals of the world, including the very review in which the Rev. Sydney Smith had wreaked his wrath against Methodism, gave it respectful consideration, it is difficult to conceive the bitterness with which both these great movements were assailed. That we may not be accused of exaggeration, we shall quote the very words employed by the witty editor of the *Edinburgh Review* on Missions and Methodism. In January, 1808, he published in that Review an article on Methodism, in which the vast resources of his learning, wit, and literary skill were employed in pouring ridicule on that system which Macaulay, Lord Mahon, Lecky—every leading writer of the eighteenth century—declares was the greatest moral movement of the age. The learned reviewer makes especial note of the fact that "these people are spread over the face of the whole earth in the shape of missionaries," and he quotes as an example of "the dreadful pillage of the earnings of the poor which is made by the Methodists," the large donations to the missionary fund reported in the Arminian Magazine. "The Methodists," he says, "have made an alarming

* See the Rev. Sydney Smith's argument in favour of Catholic Emancipation several years before Parliament could be induced to grant that indefeasible right.

inroad into the Church, and they are attacking the Army and Navy. The Principality of Wales and the East India Company they have already acquired." He laments the fact that "the Methodists hate pleasure and amusements; no theatres, no cards, no dancing, no punchinello, no dancing dogs, no blind fiddlers—all the amusements of the rich and of the poor must disappear wherever these gloomy people get a footing."

In the April number of the *Edinburgh* for the same year, he has an article on Indian Missions, based chiefly on the work of William Carey and other Baptist missionaries in that country. He quotes with a sneer the reports of "Brother Carey, Brother Ringletub, and Brother Barrel"—dreadfully plebeian names—and expresses his surprise at the attempt to convert "sixty millions of Hindoos by means of four men and sixteen guineas."

A Wesleyan minister having dared to write in vindication of both Methodism and Missions, the witty reviewer returns to the congenial task of transfixing with the shafts of ridicule the "nasty and numerous vermin of Methodism." He dishonoured himself and the *Edinburgh Review* by such passages as the following:—"In rooting out a nest of consecrated cobblers,* and in bringing to light such a perilous heap of trash as we were obliged to work through in our articles on Methodists and Missionaries, we are generally considered to have rendered a useful service to the cause of rational religion." Such is his elegant language.

Again he says, "It is scarcely possible to reduce the drunken declarations of Methodism to a point, to grasp the wriggling lubricity of these cunning animals. . . . If the choice rested with us, we should say,—give us back our wolves again—restore our Danish invaders—curse us with any evil but the evil of a canting, deluded, and Methodistical populace. Wherever Methodism exerts its baneful influence, the character of the English people is constantly changed by it. Boldness and rough honesty are broken down into meanness, prevarication, and fraud."

With the record in our mind of what Methodism has done for the degraded masses of England, neglected by the State Church, with its magnificent endowments, its sublime cathedrals, its stately hierarchy and priesthood maintained by the tithes of the poor, our natural feelings of resentment at such reckless slanders

* Carey, as we shall see, had been a shoemaker.

are lost in pity for the man who has shown himself so purblind to the greatest moral movement of the age. The Kingswood colliers, the Cornish copper miners, the brutalized mob of Moorfields, reclaimed from barbarism and raised by the agency of Methodism to the dignity of men and the fellowship of saints, are its ample vindication against the sneers of this scurrilous *un*-reverend jester. It ill becomes the learned Oxford scholar to employ his wit and culture in foul-mouthed mockery of the men who devoted their lives to the salvation of the degraded heathen of foreign lands and the scarcely less degraded heathen at home. And as ill does it become the professed disciple and minister of Him who was known as Jesus the Carpenter, and the boasted successor in Apostolic descent of Peter the fisherman, and Paul the tent-maker, to sneer at the "sanctified shoemaker" and "consecrated cobbler," whose memory is to-day revered by millions of the dusky sons of India, by whom that of the witty prebend of St. Paul's was never heard. "Didactic artizans," "delirious mechanics," "canting hypocrites," "raving enthusiasts," "maniacs," "men despicable from their ignorance and formidable from their madness," and "a dynasty of fools who may again sweep away both Church and State in one hideous ruin"—these are the gentle epithets which the learned divine applies to men who exhibited an Apostolic saintliness and zeal which he is incapable, not merely of emulating, but even of comprehending.

We now turn to inquire what manner of man it was who thus aroused the "scorn and contempt and hate" of this apostle of "sweetness and light." William Carey, it is true, had not the fortune to be an Oxford scholar. He was also, it must be admitted, brought up to the humble trade of a shoemaker. But he translated the Holy Scriptures into twenty-three of the languages of India, and rendered the Word of God accessible to three hundred millions of human beings, or nearly one-third of the population of the globe. This man, so honoured above all the dignity of mitred prelates, was born 1701, near Towcester, England. His father was clerk of the parish, and kept a village school, in which the future missionary received his early education. As he grew up, he had to work for his living, and became a shoemaker or rather a mender of shoes.* He ascribed his chief religious im-

* The story is well known of his correcting an officer whom he overheard at a government reception in Calcutta remarking on his having been a

pressions to the ministry of Thomas Scott, the clergyman and commentator, who used to point out the shop where his spiritual son plied the awl as "Carey's College." Here he was a diligent student, not only of theology, but of natural history, botany, and modern languages. In 1783 Carey became a Baptist, was immersed in the River Nen, and began to preach, trying with small success to eke out a livelihood by teaching.

"Strange to say," writes his biographer, "Carey's missionary enthusiasm was first kindled by reading Cook's Voyages. What thousands read only for stories of strange places and adventures, set him thinking of the condition of the heathen world. He hung up in his work-room a map of the world so marked as to show the limits of Christianity and heathenism. A glance ever and anon as he sat on his bench gave material for thought, and added fuel to the flame burning in his soul. He then began to unburden his heart at ministers' meetings, but found little response. The elder Ryland said, 'Young man, sit down. When God pleases to convert the heathen, He will do it without your aid and mine.' But presently others caught the infection of Carey's zeal. The beginning of the Baptist Mission was his sermon at Nottingham, May, 1792, on Isaiah, liv. 2, 3, his two points being—Expect great things; attempt great things. The visible beginning was a subscription in October of the same year of £13 2*s.* 6*d.* With this sum these men began to convert the world."

Bengal was the country selected. But how to reach it was the first difficulty. "The East India Company held the key of the country, admitting and expelling at pleasure. Interlopers, traders, or anything else, were tolerated only on good behaviour. But missionaries were not tolerated on any terms." At last passage was procured in a vessel sailing to the Danish settlements in the East. The price of a passage for the missionary and his family was high, £600. Carey, by selling his property, and sheer begging, raised the amount, sailed, and landed in Bengal, November 11th, 1793.

"The first difficulties of the mission-party," we are told,

shoemaker, by saying, "No, Sir, only a cobbler." The eloquent and witty Samuel Bradburn, one of the early Methodist preachers, had also been a disciple of St. Crispin. Hearing a shallow egotist boast that he "had given up all for the Gospel," Bradburn remarked, "Oh, that is nothing; I gave up for the Gospel *two* of the best *awls* in the kingdom."

"would have beaten back a spirit less brave than Carey's. He was glad of the offer of a native house. His wife, who was out of sympathy with his views, and was with difficulty persuaded to leave England, turned on him with bitter reproaches. He was driven to settle in the marshy Soonderbuns, at the mouth of the Ganges, the home of fever, tigers, and alligators, in order to support himself by farming, and afterwards lived in an indigo factory, while studying the language. A press was procured for the printing of the Bengalee New Testament, the said press being regarded by the natives as an English idol, and still preserved as an interesting relic. Soon Carey was joined by Marshman and Ward, who were to be his fellow-labourers for life. Ward had been editor and printer, and took especial charge of the press, while Marshman, whose reading had been of a higher cast, took most interest in schools and schemes of education." A refuge from attempted suppression by the East India Company was found at the tiny Danish settlement of Serampore, near Calcutta, and thus England lost, and Denmark gained the honour of being the home of the first Protestant mission in Bengal.

The missionaries devoted themselves with intense energy to the study of the native languages and translation of the Scriptures. Year after year the Serampore press continued to send forth Bibles, dictionaries, grammars, school-books, and classics, in the languages of India, and eventually a newspaper in Bengalee. Converts were won to the Gospel. Caste was broken down. Preaching—travel—work in the bazaars—was zealously maintained. "A man who shall do good here," writes Mr. Ward, "must be incessantly on his legs, or in his saddle, or in his boat. Men must go out a-fishing; the fish will never leave their natural element and walk into their nets; and they must be patient, too, though they toil all day and catch nothing."

The missionaries felt the importance of raising up a native ministry. "It is only," they wrote, "by means of native preachers we can hope for the universal spread of the Gospel through this immense continent. Europeans are too few, and their subsistence costs too much, for us ever to hope that they can possibly be the instruments of the universal diffusion of the Word among so many millions." A college for the training of native ministers was erected at an ultimate cost of £15,000. In

ten years they had two hundred native converts and ten out-stations.

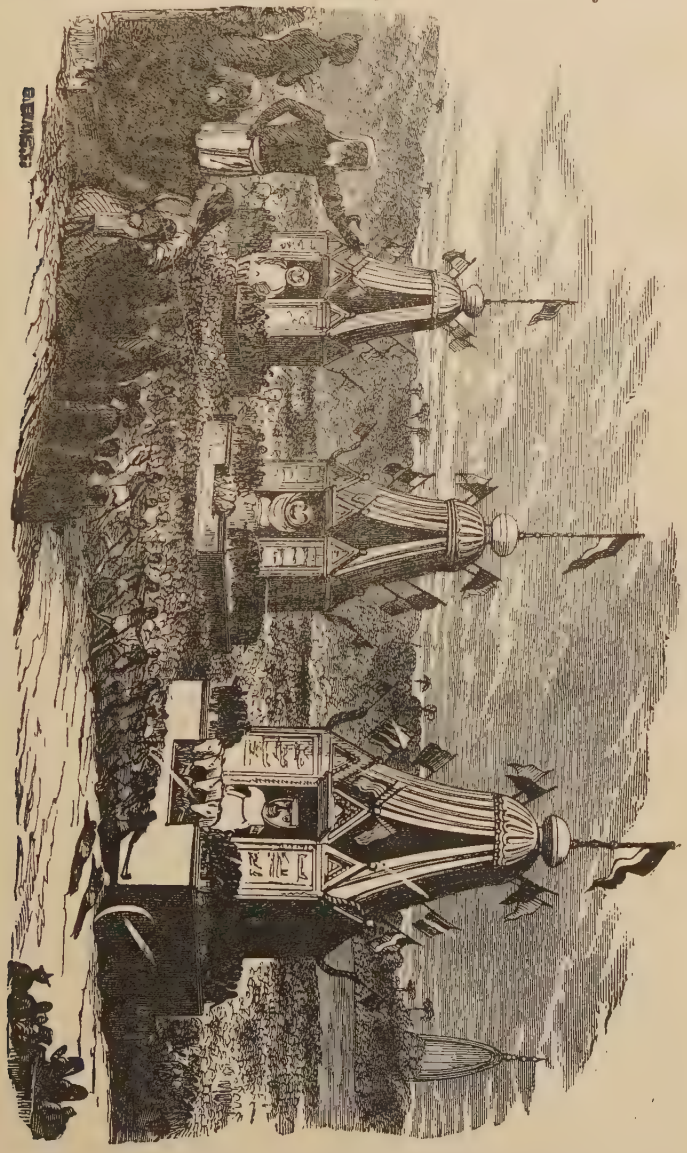
The Marquis of Wellesley (afterwards Duke of Wellington) induced Carey to assume the Professorship of Bengalee in the College of Fort William—a post which he accepted only when he found that he could make it help on his missionary plans. "The profits of Carey's government offices, as teacher, professor, and translator in Sanscrit and Bengalee, of Mr. and Mrs. Marshman's flourishing boarding-schools, and of Ward's press, amounted in all to not less than £80,000. This was their contribution to the mission. In fact they only engaged in these labours to obtain funds for mission-work. They were never indebted to home for anything towards their personal support."

Carey made a powerful appeal for the suppression of the cruel sacrifice of children to the Ganges, and of widows on their husbands' funeral pyres. The former was suppressed, but the tyranny of custom was too strong for the prevention of the latter.

The hideous worship of Juggernaut was also in full play, and vexed the souls of the missionaries as the abominations of Sodom did that of righteous Lot. Its seat was the town of Poree—the most holy of the shrines of India, which is still visited by 1,000,000 pilgrims annually. The temple area covers ten acres. The chief image is that of Juggernaut, which means the Lord of the World. Two other deities, Siva and Subrada, are also worshipped with cruel rites. Their images are hideous caricatures of humanity, each enthroned on a triumphal car forty-three feet high and thirty-four feet square. On the festival of the god, these cars were dragged by enthusiastic thousands of men, women, and children, while the priests, standing on the platforms of the car, chanted obscene and wicked songs. Often a maddened votary would prostrate himself before the chariot and be crushed beneath its ponderous wheels. This frenzied scene is depicted in our engraving, and in the foreground a Hindoo mother kneels before a group of holy and hideous fakirs, invoking their intercession with the god.

In 1803 the East India Company took possession of the town, and continued to levy a tax on the pilgrims, which maintained the idol worship. The grasping monopoly, which persecuted and banished Christian missionaries, contrived to maintain the most obscene orgies of heathenism till the year 1855, when the scandal

of a Christian Government subsidising the rites of paganism became so great that the annual grant was withdrawn, and the temple now depends on a pilgrim tax collected by the native authorities. We return from this digression to our story.



FESTIVAL OF JUGGERNAUT.

A storm of persecution burst upon the missionaries in consequence of the Vellore mutiny in 1806. With this the mission

had nothing in the world to do. It was the result of official blundering and incapacity. But it was convenient to throw the blame on the spread of Christianity among the natives, just as was done in the case of the greater mutiny of fifty years later. "The old Indian antagonists of missions took up the cry: one ex-civilian declaring that the Serampore preachers and printers would destroy our eastern sovereignty, another recommending the immediate recall of every missionary, another — Colonel Stewart, a convert from Christianity to Hinduism—going into raptures over the vast superiority of Hindu doctrines, morals, and worship to anything found in Christianity."

Sydney Smith exhibited more than his usual intolerance and hatred of Methodism—which he seems to employ as a generic term for evangelical religion, for the missionaries were really not Methodists but Baptists. "It is not Christianity," he says in the *Edinburgh Review*, "which is introduced there, but the debased mummery and nonsense of the Methodists, which has as little to do with the Christian religion as it has to do with the religion of China. The missionaries complain of intolerance. A weasel might as well complain of intolerance when he is throttled for sucking eggs. Toleration for their own opinions—toleration for their domestic worship, for their private groans and convulsions, they possess in the fullest extent; but who ever heard of tolerance for intolerance? Who ever before heard men cry out that they were persecuted because they might not insult the religion, shock the feelings, irritate the passions of their fellow-creatures, and throw a whole colony into bloodshed and confusion? But what is all this to a ferocious Methodist? What care Brothers Barrel and Ringletub for us and our colonies?"

But there were hearts in England superior to the bigotry and malevolence of the reverend *litterateur*. Robert Southey was a staunch Churchman, but he had the wide sympathies of a poet and the love of fair play and candour of an honest Englishman. He came to the aid of the maligned and absent missionaries. After a defence of their characters, he writes:—"We who have thus vindicated them are neither blind to what is erroneous in their doctrines or ridiculous in their phraseology, but the anti-missionaries cull out from their journals and letters all that is ridiculous, sectarian, and trifling; call them fools, madmen, tinkers, Calvinists, and schismatics, and keep out of sight their love of

men and their zeal for God, and their self-devotedness, their indefatigable industry, their unequalled learning. These 'low-born and low-bred mechanics' have translated the whole Bible into Bengalee, and have by this time printed it. They are by this time printing the New Testament in the Sanscrit, Orissa, the Mahratta, the Hindustani, the Guzeratti, and translating it into Persic, Telinga, Carnata, Chinese, the language of the Sikhs and the Burmese. Extraordinary as this is, it will appear still more so, when it is remembered that of these men one was originally a shoemaker, another a printer at Hull, and the third the master of a charity-school at Bristol. Only fourteen years have elapsed since Carey set foot in India, and in that time these missionaries have acquired this gift of tongues. In fourteen years these low-born, low-bred mechanics have done more to spread a knowledge of the Scriptures among the heathen than has been accomplished, or even attempted, by all the world beside."

Sir James Mackintosh, reviewing an anti-missionary pamphlet, says:—"Mr. Twining's pamphlet is the most singular publication I have seen. He seems to think that the preaching of Christianity is generally acknowledged to be a crime so atrocious 'as to be hated needs but to be seen.' He publishes extracts of the proceedings of a society which proposed to circulate the Bible in India as he would private papers proving a conspiracy to commit treason, which require no comment, and must of themselves excite general indignation. The only measure which he could consistently propose would be the infliction of capital punishment on the crime of preaching or embracing Christianity in India, for almost every inferior degree of persecution is already practised by European or native anti-Christians."

A second storm of persecution in 1812 was still more fierce. Spies dogged the footsteps of the missionaries, and sham inquirers sought to entrap them in private conversation. One missionary was expelled from the country and obliged to return to England. After a time the storm lulled, and Mr. Ward writes—"Now we shall be tolerated like toads, and not hunted down like wild beasts."

"The next year," says the biographer of Carey, "the Company's Charter had to be renewed. The friends of missions resolved not to let the opportunity pass without an effort to break down the monopoly. William Wilberforce led the forces in Parliament.

Old Indian after old Indian rose in the House to protest against England's tolerating Christian missions in India. Speaker after speaker defended what had never been attacked, denounced measures that were never contemplated, and pleaded in pathetic tones for the virtues of heathenism. One member declared that he had seen Mr. Carey preaching from a tub, and hardly saved from death at the hands of an infuriate people. The 'missionary clause' passed only by a majority of twenty-two; but the door was open, Christianity in India was free."

With redoubled diligence the little band of missionaries laboured on, preaching, writing, translating, till the Word of God was given to the people in forty languages and dialects. Ward was the first of the number to be taken. He died suddenly of cholera in 1823. The survivors were often reduced to serious straits through the heavy expense of their printing operations and college, and through the calumnies on their character and misrepresentations of their work. But they sought help from the Divine source which never fails. One who knew them well writes thus :—"The two old men were dissolved in tears while they engaged in prayer, and Dr. Marshman in particular could not give expression to his feelings. It was indeed affecting to see these good men—the fathers of the mission—entreating with tears that God would not forsake them, now grey hairs were come upon them, but that He would silence the tongue of calumny, and furnish them with the means of carrying on His own work."

For more than forty years Carey laboured without surcease for the salvation of India. It lay like a burden upon his soul, and was the subject of his prayers by day and night. He magnified his work, despite the scoffs of the worldling—the sneers of learned reviewers—the persecution of men in high places—as the noblest calling on earth. When his son, who had been a missionary, entered the service of the Burmese king, and came to Calcutta in great state, the father was bitterly mortified at his "sinking from a missionary to an ambassador!"

"If any one," writes his biographer, "ever wore 'the white flower of a blameless life,' it was Carey. Whatever charges were levelled, baselessly enough, against the mission, Carey was held blameless. For forty years he had toiled unceasingly in the sultry Bengal heats. From the day when he stepped from the deck of the Danish vessel in 1793, he had never left Indian soil.

In 1823 he had a dangerous illness, when his life was despaired of. After that time his health never recovered its tone. Feebleness gradually crept over him. The last few months he was confined to a couch. Dr. Marshman came daily to cheer him with talk of the past and future. Lady Bentinck often crossed the river to see him, and Bishop Wilson sought his blessing."

A few days before his death, a missionary had an interview with him, which he thus describes:—"He was seated near his desk in the study, dressed in his usual neat attire; his eyes were closed, and his hands clasped together. On his desk was the proof-sheet of the last chapter of the New Testament which he had revised a few days before. His appearance, as he sat there with the few white locks which adorned his venerable brow, and his placid, colourless face, filled me with a kind of awe; for he appeared to be then listening to the Master's summons, and as waiting to depart. I sat in his presence for about half-an-hour, and not a word was uttered; for I feared to break that solemn silence, and call back to earth the soul that seemed almost in heaven. At last, however, I said, 'My dear friend, you evidently are standing on the borders of the eternal world: do not think it wrong, then, if I ask, What are your feelings in the immediate prospect of death?' The question roused him from his apparent stupor, and, opening his languid eyes, he earnestly replied, 'As far as my personal salvation is concerned, I have not the shadow of a doubt; *I know Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day:* but when I think that I am about to appear in the presence of a holy God, and remember all my sins and imperfections, I tremble.' He could say no more. The tears trickled down his cheeks, and after a while he relapsed into the same state of silence from which I had roused him. Here was one of the most holy and harmless men I ever knew, who had lived above the breath of calumny for upwards of forty years, surrounded by and in close intimacy with many, both Europeans and natives, who would have rejoiced to have witnessed any inconsistency in his conduct, but who were constrained to admire his integrity and Christian character, so impressed with the exceeding sinfulness of sin that he trembled at the thought of appearing before a holy God."

On Sunday, June 8th, Dr. Marshman prayed with him, but

feared he was not recognized. On Mrs. Carey asking him, he replied, feebly, "Yes," and for the last time pressed the hand of his old colleague. The next morning, June 9th, 1834, he quietly passed away, in the seventy-third year of his age. His valuable museum he left to the college: his library was to be sold for the benefit of his widow. His epitaph was prepared by himself:—

WILLIAM CAREY,
BORN AUGUST, 1761; DIED ——.
"A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall."

Dr. Marshman lingered three years longer, the last survivor of the little band of pioneer missionaries in India; when he, too, entered into rest, and was buried beside his brethren in the cemetery of Serampore. "India has many doubtful places of pilgrimage; but if holy lives and heroic work gives sacredness to sites, no one doubts that Serampore is holy ground."

## THE HILLS OF GOD.

'Tis like a narrow valley land,
This earthly way of mine;
Before me, clad in glory grand,
I see the hills divine—
Those heights the saintly long have trod—
The Hills of Hope, the Hills of God!

Though mists of doubt enfold me in,
Though through the dark I grope,
The upward path my feet may win
That mounts the heavenly slope;
And walking through the lowland here
I know the Hills of God are near.

Unto them oft I lift my eyes,
That oft with tears are wet;
And through the mists they calmly rise
Where suns no more shall set.
To me forever grand and fair
The Hills of God—my Help is there!

# CHRISTIANITY—IDEAL AND ACTUAL.

BY THE REV. S. S. NELLES, D.D., LL.D.,
President of Victoria University.

II.

In drawing a distinction between Actual Christianity and that of the New Testament, we need be at no loss for specific illustrations. History is only too full of them, as Christendom is even now over-full of sects, creeds, varieties of worship, and schools of religious thought, all of which, in departing so widely from each other, cannot have remained altogether true to the primitive type. The latest authorities estimate the Christian population of the globe at some three hundred and sixty millions, of which number about ninety millions are called Protestant, while the other and far larger portion must be assigned to the Roman Catholic Church, the Greek Church, and some smaller divisions. Among Protestant Christians again, there are, as we all know, numerous subdivisions. Without dwelling on these minor diversities, it is sufficient to note the magnitude of those larger sections included in the Roman and Greek Churches, and to remember that these are the systems which prevailed down to the time of Luther, and which still so immensely overbalance the entire aggregate of all other forms of Christianity. Speaking, therefore, numerically, geographically, and historically, these two great communions embody and represent the religion of the Cross as seen among men. These are the wide-spread and long-established types or systems, the concrete and visible developments of Christianity that would naturally strike the eye of an unbeliever, as a mere outside observer, or of an intelligent native from China, India, or Japan. Of the principal one of these it is that a staunch Protestant like Macaulay speaks as "carrying the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when cameleopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre," and as still remaining "not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigour." "The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approach-

ing. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all." The omens are not, I think, so favourable for Rome as they were when those sentences were written, but the proportion in numbers has scarcely changed, the system itself has lost nothing of its arrogant and absurd pretensions, and the records of the past are irreversible.

The writer of this article is a Methodist, and accepts with hearty and settled conviction the theology of Wesley and Fletcher as a faithful interpretation of the vital doctrines of the Gospel, and naturally hopes for the regeneration of the world through the assimilation of other forms of Christianity to that of Methodism. But when we speak of the history of Christianity among men, or what we may call Actual Christianity, that is, Christianity as interpreted in theological systems, and incorporated and operative in societies, then unfortunately we cannot appropriate a large place to Methodism, and only a subordinate place to Protestantism. Methodism numbers as yet only some five millions in her membership, and not more than twenty millions of adherents. This is, indeed, a small company by the side of the three hundred and sixty millions. She, moreover, is not yet one hundred and fifty years old. She is, indeed, a marvel of growth and power, but she is an infant still in years and stature, whatever of the world's great hope she may hold in her heart of love and her hands of toil. It has been said that at the revival of letters, Greece arose from the grave with the New Testament in her hands. We may say that at the rise of Methodism, the Church of Christ awoke from her slumber with the fire of Pentecost on her lips. But history and geography are not pictured by the Methodist Love-feast, and in their dark and rugged features should be surveyed as they are.

"The Church," as a great writer has said, "gave too easy and early admission to rites borrowed from heathen temples and doctrines borrowed from heathen schools." In Italy and Spain, and some other lands where Christianity won her early triumphs, the prevailing, and till recently the almost exclusive, religion is one that not only clings tenaciously to the old inheritance of Pagan superstition, but has enlarged the estate, adding

of late new articles of folly, and is now under the control of the most unscrupulous and dangerous of all ecclesiastical orders that the world has ever seen. I refrain from repeating the oft-told and melancholy tale of mingled venality, licentiousness, and cruelty, which go to make up a large part of the history of Romanism. I will not draw out the dismal catalogue of sorrow and crime suggested at once by the words Inquisition and Loyola. I should not have made even these few direct references were they not apparently necessary to relieve the apprehensions, or, if you will, the misapprehensions, of some readers who seem to require dark colours before they can discern a contrast, and striking instances to enable them to apply a principle. But such is my repugnance to all injustice and uncharitableness, that I will now remind both myself and my readers that there never was the day when Catholicism did not still hide the Gospel in her bosom, though under many a layer of sacerdotal rags, and contain within her pale thousands of saintly and heroic spirits to illustrate the Divine power of the Gospel even amid some debasing accretions. It is, indeed, this saving efficacy of the Christian faith, in even imperfect forms, and this recuperative energy after periods of decay, that do much to prove its heavenly origin, and give a pledge of its final supremacy. In Protestantism and Methodism we have examples of that recuperation, for both of them may be described as the old Apostolic doctrine with Paganism and mediævalism shaken off. Through the ages there has still remained the one imperishable faith, enshrined in those supernatural facts and revealed dogmas which all hold in common, and whose victorious power, in that pre-reformation time, we Protestants often overlook. For amid much of error, both of belief and practice, there may still survive, not indeed the highest and best form of religious life, but a loyalty of heart and consecration of spirit which the Great Discerner will know how to accept and reward, assigning to each one his portion according to what he hath and not according to what he hath not.

But such charity of view and hope is no reason for confounding all systems and sects in one homogeneous mass; no reason for letting down to our own miserable infirmities the bright and blessed ideal of the Gospel; no reason for saying it does not matter what we believe or teach; and above all, and what

specially belongs to the design of these papers, no reason for allowing a skeptical assailant to charge upon Christianity the errors, and follies, and crimes, into which followers, or supposed followers, of Christ may have fallen. We may still claim the right to say, and may deem it very important in these times to say, that the forms of Christianity which have most widely prevailed, and which even now most widely prevail, are, when regarded as systems, but a poor representation indeed of the religion of the Cross. And what is the special relevancy of this line of remark for the Protestant churches of our time? It is relevant for all time, seeing that there is no corruption of the Gospel which has not sprung from our common human nature. Every false religion is a human religion. Rome especially is the symbol of humanity. As that which touches or thrills us in the nobler scenes of history could never so come home to us but for some springs of nobleness still within us, by which we feel ourselves in kinship with the men who fell at Marathon and Bannockburn, and with all the sainted and heroic dead; so, on the other hand, we must bow our heads with shame and sorrow, as bearing always in our hearts the smouldering embers of that evil fire which has withered so much of the verdure and bloom of the world. It is hard to acknowledge a brother in Torquemada, but Cain and Abel were born of the same mother, and he whom Peter calls "our beloved brother Paul" was equally brother with him when one was denying his Lord, and the other consenting to the death of Stephen. Some portions of Protestant history, and some lingering or revived tendencies toward the old sacerdotalism, should teach us that the great sources of superstition and fanaticism are still in the world, even in regions where evangelical truth is alive and aggressive.

But it is, perhaps, chiefly with a view to the plausible and powerful assaults now being made upon the religion of Christ, that it becomes most important to maintain and emphasize the distinction between the actual religion of Christendom as a whole, and that of the inspired pages of the New Testament. If our opponents do not choose to recognize the difference, it is all the more needful that we ourselves should do so. And especially as regards Methodism, which, from its youth and other circumstances, does not quite so prominently strike the

world's great eye, as some other churches which fill the annals of history, and are made conspicuous by literary labours, political influence, and social relations. Not that I am naming these things as an advantage in themselves, but as features that readily catch the notice of large classes of people, and tend to affect their estimate of what Christianity is and has done among men. When a skeptic like the late Professor Clifford says of Christianity, "she has left her red mark upon history, and still lives to threaten mankind," we see at once how, in the imagination of even an able and educated man, things that differ may be jumbled together, and we see also, how many others may be deceived and carried away to infidelity by arguments and declamation that are pertinent enough when applied to great sections of Christendom, but which have no bearing upon the genuine religion of Jesus. Of certain ecclesiastical systems, and theological misconceptions, it is only too true that they have indeed "left their red mark upon history, and still live to threaten mankind;" and he is a poor defender of the faith who fails to repudiate, always and emphatically, all such unhappy distortions and damaging counterfeits. To defend Christianity we must first present it in a defensible form. There is no science of apologetics for the puerile, the absurd, and the immoral. We are called to do battle for genuine Christianity as found in the Holy Scriptures, "for the faith which was once delivered to the saints," not for the faith as soiled and marred by the touch of human folly and sin. Doubtless unbelievers should always examine its claims and character in the Bible, but unhappily we have to consider not merely what men should do but what they are wont to do, or are likely to do; and observation shows clearly enough the terrible effects of spurious forms of Christianity in causing large populations to recoil from even a pure Gospel. What an unfaithful Christian is to a neighbourhood, or rather what he would be if he were the sole representative of the Gospel, that a corrupt church is to a whole land and many generations. Her teachings, her deeds, her records, her memorials of falsehood and crime, her baleful shadow and decaying carcase, are all as so many trumpet voices to warn men from all that is called religion. The present Minister of Public Instruction and Worship in France has lately proclaimed

his mission to be to reduce worship to the minimum, on the plea that "what is lost to religion is gained to morality!" Through what shadows of death must a gifted and once devout people have passed before they would endure an utterance and policy like that! If the civil authorities of Italy and Spain should some day assume the same attitude the explanation would largely be found in the ecclesiastical history of those lands.

There are some Protestant interpretations of Christianity that give much perplexity and occasion for disbelief, but their darker features are not now displayed as they once were, and we may gladly join their traditional representatives in leaving them in the background. But in the writings of men like Buckle, Lecky, and Draper, we are all made to feel how Christianity suffers prejudice from teachings and occurrences associated with Christianity in her history among men, but for which she is in no way responsible. Draper does indeed recognize the distinction between the religion of the Reformation and that which preceded it, but the tone of his writings is such that many Protestant writers have felt called upon to reply to him as an opponent. And one may, perhaps, have some doubt whether the confusion in the argument has been more on the side of Draper or of his critics. I, for one, want to say that I have strong sympathy with any man who holds up to reprobation all the absurd and wicked things which have been said and done in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, whether among Catholics or Protestants.

Such pictures may be a warning for the future, and teach us to cleave more closely to the words and example of Him who alone is "the way, the truth, and the life." The Church is never beyond the need of watchfulness and criticism. The criticism, even of unbelievers and men of the world, may have its uses. The tendency to misapprehend and depart from the Divine ideal is a perpetual tendency, although the grace and providence of God will, we trust, furnish such increasing light and security as will carry the Church forward to higher and yet higher degrees of perfection. All departures do not come from the same source or in the same form. Now they may spring from heathen admixtures and undue exercise of Church authority; and now from philosophical speculation and a self-

sufficient individualism. Now from asceticism and puritanical severity; and now from a luxurious and Epicurean spirit. We may belong to what age, or school, or sect, we will, we shall find no positive exemption from danger. The times in which we live are trying the Church of Christ as perhaps she was never tried before. Her ways are easy, and her lap full of treasures, but her teachings are distrusted, and her voice falls softly on many deaf ears. According to the best information we can gather there is a wide alienation from evangelical truth in many lands and among different classes. While this fact strikes our attention among men of science and social position, it is said to be equally apparent among the operatives of large manufacturing towns. There are not wanting signs of promise and progress, but the adverse signs are numerous and strong, and there is the most urgent need of hearty co-operation on the part of all true disciples of our Lord upon the simple New Testament basis. That basis I take to be the minimum of ritual and sacerdotalism with the maximum of loyalty to Christ; the guidance and power of a few great doctrines in simple Scriptural forms of statement such as embody the principles held in common by all evangelical churches. Metaphysical speculations and ecclesiastical forms have their place and function. The one belongs to the schools, although the results will more or less travel down to the people at large; the other is of no value without spiritual life, and where there is such life there will usually be abundance of form.

This simplification of creeds and confessions of faith is closely allied to the great question of Christian unity, and the still greater question of the conversion of the world. We have lately seen an abridgement of the Westminster Confession recommended by the Missionary Committee of the Free Church of Scotland, with a view to the wants of the heathen mind. On reading this one is ready to wish that the privileges extended to the heathen might be also vouchsafed to poor mortals at home. But I am not able to agree with those who would wholly dispense with subordinate standards, or summaries of doctrine. Christianity is a doctrinal religion, as well as an emotional, spiritual, and practical one, nor is it likely to be the latter without being the former. Within certain limits every Church must teach and work upon clear and definite

views of what constitutes the veritable Gospel of Christ. Otherwise will the pulpit give an uncertain sound, and the Church be like the assembly of which we read in the Acts of the Apostles, where "some cried one thing, and some another; for the assembly was confused, and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together." But it is obvious enough that agreement of belief and concert of action are much easier and more effective where the articles of union are few, broad, and simple, than where they are numerous and complicated, embracing fine-spun speculations and doubtful hypotheses. "The prophet that hath a dream let him tell a dream, but he that hath my word let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord." The theologian that hath a dream—a conjecture, or metaphysical theory—let him tell it as such, but let him not call it an article of faith, or denounce as unchristian those who differ from him. The error of the churches has generally been in the direction of philosophical refinements of dogma, and self-imposed ecclesiastical rites, which form no essential part of the Gospel. In such matters, belonging, as they do, rather to philosophy than religion, rather to expediency than moral principle, there is always occasion for further speculation and system-building, of which fact the history of theology gives ample proof.

"Time," as Bacon says, "is the great Innovator," and the whole story of the past shows how impracticable, and even undesirable, it is to give fixedness and finality to merely human theories of God, man, or the universe. What God has definitely revealed as essential to salvation that will abide through all ages. The divinity and incarnation of the Son of God, His vicarious sufferings and atonement, justification by faith, regeneration and sanctification by the Holy Spirit, righteousness of life, and that divine charity which is the bond of perfectness, together with the great and solemn doctrine of retribution beyond the grave; these and a few kindred truths are the vital elements of the religion of Christ. But round about and underneath these lie innumerable problems, giving room for learned research, endless speculation, and vast systems of conjectural, hypothetical, and metaphysical divinity—theology and philosophy intermingled—running at times into bottomless quagmires:

"A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Where armies whole have sunk;"

and, again, running up the high mountains with their summits in the clouds,—

"O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,"

with yawning chasms, and slow-moving avalanches measuring out "the dim æonian years." On the infinite sea of God's providence deep calleth unto deep, but it is nowhere said he that cannot fathom the same "shall without doubt perish everlastingly." All systems of theology, like those of philosophy, of which, indeed, as commonly framed, they form a part, being of human construction, take cast and colour from the minds of their authors, and the spirit of the time, and are of necessity undergoing constant revision and transformation. They have a "great metamorphic capability," despite the injunctions of the dead or the anathemas of the living. They play a useful part in the history of the Church, but they are not adapted to take the place of the doctrines of the Gospel as revealed in simple authoritative form in the Holy Scriptures. When consecrated by religious sentiment and buttressed up by temporal interests, they are apt to linger unmodified beyond due time, and often require some radical spirit, or man of a revolutionary turn, to make a sort of war upon them.

When we speak of progress in theology, and of enlarged and purified conceptions of God's truth, it is to these human formulations that we, of course, refer, or should refer. If any one is perplexed or staggered by such a notion as this, he seems to confound the human comment with the Divine revelation, and should set himself right by remembering the history of systems, for things *stationary* have no history. Neither would there be any advantage to the Church from theological stagnation. Of all seas, the most dismal and the most useless is the Dead Sea. No fish, so it is said, live in its waters; no musical birds fly over its surface; the trees on the shore bear only apples of Sodom; and not far away stands Lot's unhappy wife, turned into a pillar of salt as an eternal warning to those who seek their Ideal behind them, and the fulfilment of God's promise in things about to perish. "Those sciences," says Sir William Hamilton, "are always studied with keenest interest that are

in a state of progress and uncertainty; absolute certainty and absolute completion would be the paralysis of any study." And thus we have lately seen the Archbishop of Canterbury congratulating his Church on the variety of her schools of thought, —whether all of these are "within the just circumference of orthodoxy" is another question. And so again among our Presbyterian brethren we find Old School, New School, and minor distinctions.

As for our Methodist theology, we have so far had few doctrinal deviations, a fact not a little remarkable, seeing that "Methodism," according to Isaac Taylor, "is an invitation broad as the world to walk on a path narrow as a sheep-track." But Methodism has, perhaps, got a little nearer to the New Testament in her conditions of membership as well as in her theological teachings. It will be well for her to keep on the same line of things both in her principles and her methods. She cannot, however, hope for ever to escape the turn for analysis, criticism, and speculation, and may even be in some ways the better of it. Nevertheless she will, I think, not gain but lose, if she should begin to intermingle speculative views and abstruse theories with her articles of faith and pulpit ministrations. Pope's Theology looks and reads a little like a new dispensation both as regards style and matter. It will, I imagine, create the necessity for some other big book to qualify and explain it. Let it be so, but if we do not wish to go upon the shifting sands, we had better keep well the wise injunction of our founder, and hold firm the distinction between matters of opinion and matters of faith and practice. That distinction is sufficiently recognized in our Twenty Five Articles and other standards, which we will do well to leave as they are, until, at any rate, God gives further light than any now visible.

But while certain vital and essential principles have remained with all evangelical Churches, and given them their power for good, these principles have been variously apprehended and applied, and sometimes misapprehended and misapplied. Embodying and illustrating themselves in human languages, laws, institutions, literatures, and philosophies, they must of necessity make themselves new adjustments and modes of expression in different ages and lands. And unless we have lost faith in God's promise of the Spirit to abide with us for ever, and give His

Church perpetual guidance, then must we hope that He works through all these revolutions, both of thought and social order, and that He is even now, in these times of sad perplexity and unrest, preparing for us some new revelations of love. How any Christian can look on the present state of the Church and of the world, and not hope and pray for such brighter and happier day, it is hard to see. In what manner or form it may come God only can tell, but it is not unreasonable to look for preparatory light upon God's Word and ways, together with a more vivid sense of mistakes and misconceptions in the past.

And are we, then, to sit down and recast our theological or ecclesiastical systems? It would be strange to reason so, in an undiscriminating way, and as foolish as to take alarm at all new phases of thought. *Some* systems would be the better of a little recasting; and some others of being cast into the fire, for purgation at any rate; but we are simply speaking of the general law of things. *We* may stand ecclesiastically still, if we will, or if we should; but the great seasons of God will not pause for us; summer and winter, seedtime and harvest, will still be the order of the world. Sometimes the fallow ground will be broken up, and the showers of refreshing fall. It looks just now as if such an era were at hand, or very much needed to be.

To those who are disturbed by the idea of progressive theology I commend the following sentences from Butler's "Analogy," than which there is no sounder or deeper work on religious subjects:—

"The hindrances, too, of natural, and of supernatural light and knowledge, have been of the same kind. And as it is owned the whole scheme of Scripture is not yet understood; so if it ever comes to be understood, it must be in the same way as natural knowledge is come at, by the continuance and progress of learning and liberty, and by particular persons attending to, comparing, and pursuing intimations scattered up and down in it, which are overlooked and disregarded by the generality of the world. For this is the way in which all improvements are made; by thoughtful men's tracing on obscure hints, as it were, dropped us by nature accidentally, or which seem to come into our minds by chance. Nor is it at all incredible that a book which has been so long in possession of mankind should contain many truths as yet undiscovered. For, all the same phenomena, and the same faculties of investigation, from which such great discoveries in natural knowledge have been made in the present and past age, were equally in the possession of mankind several

thousand years before. And it might possibly be intended that events, as they come to pass, should open and ascertain the meaning of several parts of Scripture."

I may add the following recent utterance of Dr. Abel Stevens, the eminent author of the "History of Methodism":—"Do not different ages and countries modify forms of dogmatic theology? All such human forms of expression must change." It is not likely that Dr. Stevens desires any more than I do, any present change in our Methodistic standards; but he indicates the general law of doctrinal history; and it is well for us to recognize that law, and to keep our minds open for any new light that the Spirit or providence of God may give us; at any rate, to be just and fair toward those who, while holding the substance, differ from us in forms of expression. In harmony with these positions of Butler and Dr. Stevens, are the following wise and weighty words of Dr. Whedon in the last number of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*:—

"It will not harm us to look to the friendly aid of science in the study of Exegesis. Our new interpretation may, on long trial, become better than the old. Few would be willing to return to the six-solar-day view of creation from nothing. What immensity of meaning has astronomy read into the ancient views of God's omnipresence! We know how allegorical John's apocalypse is; do we know how apocalyptic Moses' Genesis may be? And be it remembered that there may be many a revolution in exegesis without disturbing the foundations of our evangelical theology. It is rather from obsolete exegesis that danger to theology may come."

One of the most striking signs of our time is the wide-spread unsettledness on the doctrine of future retribution. If, as is often said, the doctrine is not now so emphatically preached as formerly, the fact is much to be deplored, for such preaching is essential to the power of the pulpit. But there are various modes of presenting the doctrine, and the more we feel its importance, the more we should study to find forms of statement that will carry conviction to the men of this generation. So able and orthodox a writer as Dr. Curry has recently suggested the wisdom of dropping our "materialistic eschatology." He doubtless believes, as I do, in the terrible significance of the Scriptural imagery touching the world of woe, as well as in the

divine realities symbolised by the gates of pearl and the jasper walls. But it is quite possible to clothe these eternal verities in other language, for experience as well as Scripture proclaims the existence of a great spiritual economy, under which the evil mind is death, and the sowing of sin a harvest of pain. But if we will think of retribution as inflicted only in some arbitrary way, and under shapes of physical torture, after the manner of Dante and Pollock, and then, from repugnance to such pictures, drop out altogether the severer aspects of God's truth, preach only what is left, and speak no more of the infinite peril and possible loss of the soul, then will we have let go our pulpit leverage, and have eliminated from the Gospel the only conceivable justification of its strange mysteries of mingled sorrow and love. This example may serve, in part, to indicate how great verities may remain unshaken, and yet require at times new forms of expression, and modified, if not higher and more spiritual, modes of conception.

The following passage from Dean Milman's "Latin Christianity" is worthy of consideration :—

"What distinctness of conception, what precision of language, may be indispensable to true faith ; what part of the ancient dogmatic system may be allowed silently to fall into disuse, as at least superfluous, and as beyond the proper range of human thought and human language ; how far the Sacred records may, without real peril to their truth, be subjected to closer investigation ; to what wider interpretation, especially of the Semitic portion, those records may submit, and wisely submit, in order to harmonise them with the irrefutable conclusions of science ; how far the Eastern veil of allegory which hangs over their truth may be lifted or torn away to show their unshadowed essence ; how far the poetic vehicle through which the truth is conveyed may be gently severed from the truth ;—all this must be left to the future historian of our religion. As it is my own confident belief that the words of Christ, and His words alone (the primal, indefeasible truths of Christianity), shall not pass away ; so I cannot presume to say that men may not attain to a clearer, at the same time more full, comprehensive, and balanced sense of those words, than has yet been generally received in the Christian world. As all else is transient and mutable, these only eternal and universal, assuredly, whatever light may be thrown on the constitution of man or of nature, and the laws which govern the world, will be concentrated so as to give a more penetrating vision of those undying truths."

Whatever qualification we may be disposed to give to some portions of this passage, there can be little doubt that it is in

general harmony with the best Christian thinking of the ages, and indicates the direction in which Biblical criticism and other theological studies are now moving. Timid minds will always feel disturbed by such suggestions. They like to repose on the authority of venerable names, and they are alarmed at the idea of new researches, or if not at new researches, at least at what we may call fruitful researches—studies that lay bare the mistakes of earlier scholars, and tend to throw upon us the burden of revision and readjustment. They wish to feel that their little line has reached the bottom of the well in which truth lies hidden, and that their sectarian text-books contain the last word of theological science. It is better to listen patiently and attentively to what all great scholars and thinkers may reverently utter, neither hastening unduly, nor stubbornly closing our ears to the voices of the time, but hoping always that the Infinite God has in store new revelations both of truth and love. It is not incredible that He who rebuked His early followers for wishing to command fire from heaven to consume the Samaritans, and who at length taught Christian people to discern the evils of slavery, and the sin of burning one another for differences of belief, may ere long show the various sects of Christendom how to recover from their present estrangement, how to reconcile diversity of view with unity of spirit, and how to labour in more effective concert for the salvation of men. But amid all signs of discouragement, we may yet hear the blessed Saviour addressing to ourselves the words which He delivered to His first disciples in their saddest hour: "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Even when the tempest rises, and the little bark is shaken by the waves, though Christ may seem to be asleep on a pillow, and in the hinder part of the ship, He is still with us as we go tossing upon the troubled waters of the sea.

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O, LET our souls be still, and know the Lord,
With meek submission, ever wait His will;
His presence only can true peace afford,
His gracious power can shield from every ill.

—*Serena.*

# LOITERINGS IN EUROPE.

## STUDENT LIFE IN GERMANY.

BY THE REV. C. S. EBY, M.A.

Our scene changes. From rambling amongst the hills and vales of the Hartz, we enter the murky precincts of a German town. But for me they are to some extent connected, for my experience in the city was modified very materially by an incident in the Hartz. In the picturesque little village of Alexisbad, Dr. Stevens and myself were sitting to rest ourselves after a long march, and were listening to some strolling musician, when a young man came and sat down under the same tree to enjoy his afternoon beer. He very evidently was not troubled with overwork nor with much variety in his daily life; in fact, I fancy he was a little troubled with that most dreadful of complaints which the French call *ennui*. Our young friend soon perceived that we were foreigners and with real German inquisitiveness began to enquire whence we came and where we were going. I mentioned my intention of going to Halle, and it happened that he had been there and had some very intimate friends in one of the best families of the city. He immediately took a leaf out of his pocket-book, wrote on it "My friend Mr. Eby, to my friend Mr. Schwetscke, with greeting from his friend Friederich S——." That was all, a few words from a total stranger, whom I had never seen before and whom I never thought of seeing again, introduced me at once, in a strange city, so that I was treated from the beginning as a friend, with that evident confidence that would have taken long to acquire.

With this scrap of paper and a letter to one or two of the professors, I started off on my winter's campaign at the University of Halle. It was night when I arrived and early the next morning I was out, hunting for the street and house indicated by my friend of the Hartz. I thought I had never seen a stranger place. There was no more plan about the streets and blocks than you would find in mice tracks under the snow. At last, however, by dint of perseverance, I found the house. It was tall and old, and had a Latin tablet over

the door indicating that it was the birthplace of some celebrated philosopher of the seventeenth century.

As soon as I thought it was time for respectable people to have had breakfast, I opened the massive door covered with antique carving, and groped my way along a dark passage and up a winding stairway to a glass door which gave a little light on the state of affairs. Here I pulled a bell. In answer to its summons a head first appeared to make sure of there being no danger, then a spring was touched, the latch lifted, the door opened, and I was allowed to advance a little farther in my voyage of discovery. I announced my business to a servant who ushered me into the sanctum of the old gentleman, Schewetscke, who, by the way, was undergoing his morning shave. For the benefit of those who have not read "The Innocents Abroad," I would remark that barber-shops are rare on the European Continent. Instead of which the barbers go from house to house, I suppose to "beard the lion in his den." I sat in silence and looked while this interesting operation was going on, and the old white-haired doctor of philosophy, and editor and proprietor of the Halle *Courrier* as I afterwards found him to be, sat and held my little recommendation in his big fat fingers until the barber had finished his manipulations. Then with his blandest smile he welcomed me, told me that his son, to whom the note was really sent, was then away from home. He felt himself called upon, however, to find a boarding-place for me.

It was not long before an American from New York heard of my being there and he with a young Scotchman came hurrying down to find somebody who wasn't a German! I gave them as good a welcome as I knew how in my loft, and they began by making me discontented with my quarters, promising to find me better, so I allowed myself to be led by them to inspect some new lodgings. I found these much to my liking with one exception and that was that our American friend lived there, and he would persist in talking English, whereas I had made it a rule never to talk English but when I was well paid for it. But with him I had to waste my English without getting the "silber Groschens" in return.

Now come with me to my lodgings and we'll have a peep within. It was on, I think, the crookedest street in that city of crooked streets. It was as crooked as the letter S, with sundry variations in

its course, now straight, now winding. At last we got up one flight of dark stairs. We enter, the ceiling is low; three windows occupy nearly the whole front, which looks into the street. The most lively remembrance of the sights in that street is of old women carrying heavy loads of peat and coal in immense baskets on their backs, treading heavily along, bending under the enormous weight. The most interesting thing connected with the establishment, and that which will have an indelible impression on my memory when other things have passed away, was the *bed* in that little bedroom off the study. The bedstead was narrow as most German bedsteads are. If you are careful not to roll over in the night, there is no necessity for tumbling out. The great difficulty, however, was the bed-covering. Blankets or quilts seem to be things almost or entirely unknown. The only covering to be had was a feather bed, and the feather beds were invariably too short. The only plan I could think of was to lie doubled up like the letter N, or to pin two feather beds together so as to make a covering long enough. Oh, the memory of that terrible winter! The next spring I was in England and words cannot express the exquisite delight of stretching myself in every direction without the danger of finding myself out in the cold.

Now a word about our table fare. At the house, only breakfast and tea or supper were provided, dinner had to be got elsewhere. The secret of cheap living in Germany is that a price is laid on every little article so that you can almost save by leaving out your salt. In Austria they really do make an extra charge for mustard. For breakfast good coffee, hot milk, and bread and butter was provided. For the supper-meal you are expected to indulge in greater variety. The Germans always have some sort of the infinite variety of sausages to be found there. Then bread and butter and beer, or coffee. I however, as well as my English-speaking friend there couldn't well dispense with our tea. For a time I made tea for myself, until my stock which I brought from Bremen gave out, and real tea was not to be had in the place. I asked for tea once, they sent me some slop with a little glass of rum to serve as milk, which I, of course, sent back. For dinner your purse must regulate your choice. You could take tickets at a restaurant or eating-house for meals at from four to twenty *silber groschens* a meal—that is from ten to fifty cents. My experience was exceedingly varied in that

particular, according as foreign news came. In my palmiest days, however, I dined with a professor and paid for my dinner by an hour's walk afterwards, during which I talked English to him and pumped out of him all the German I could.

Now that we are comfortably settled let us take a stroll round the town and see what that looks like. We enter it by a gate; there are of these gates I think six, they are not so much for fortification as for collecting a certain town tax on edibles. Your boxes are here searched for crackers or sausages as at any custom house for cigars or brandy. The town itself when you get into it is very antique and irregular, except the newer parts near the railway. You descend from the station by a long, tolerably wide street, past an old tower and ruins of the ancient wall which are now embellished by ornamental trees. At the bottom of this street you come to a market-square, from which the streets run off in every conceivable direction. In the midst of this is a solitary tower, said to be the remains of an ancient cathedral, a fountain plays near, and not far off is a rather fine bronze statue of Handel whose birthplace was Halle, although England was the home of his fame. One of the greatest nuisances of the streets was the number of looking-glasses, so fixed outside of the window sash as to reflect for the benefit of those inside, all who were passing in the street. I didn't like to break them with my stick, though I often felt inclined to do so. That, however, is a weakness not peculiar to Halle, 'tis an almost universal practice in Germany.

In one part of the town was a horse butchery and very conspicuous it was, too, and many a flaming advertisement I saw of its tempting preparations of sausage, and roast and boiled. Not very far from this butcher shop was a very large and far-famed institution, commenced I think in the seventeenth century by the faith of a certain pious *Francke*. The Orphan House has done and does still a great and good work for the poor and destitute. In connection with it are now immense schools and printing concerns.

The Halloren are a very interesting people who now work the salt mines in the town. They are the descendants of the first inhabitants of the place and are very exclusive in their customs. It is only lately that an Halloren dared to take to any other business without forfeiting his caste, nor do they marry outside of their own community. They wear strange broad-brimmed black felt

hats, long coats with innumerable small buttons, knee-breeches long black stockings, and buckled shoes.

Another interesting class are the street-singers. Early in the morning you are often awakened by the sweetest of singing from boyish voices. You look out and you see a group of boys of different ages, all dressed in black coats and tall hats, sometimes the hats seem to be as tall as the little urchins themselves. They sing, especially on Sunday morning, rain or shine, hot or cold. I used often to think of Luther's having been one of such a choir and perhaps in those very streets. They meet the corpse as a rule at the gate of "God's-acre," and accompany it, singing as they walk, to the grave, and there the ashes of the dead are committed to the earth while youthful voices sing to Him who is the resurrection and the life.

Sunday is here a marked day—not for its quiet and pious exterior, but for the very opposite. On this day the whole world and his relations seem to be turned out into the street to take an airing and show off their fine clothes. It is not the habit there, as in other and more enlightened lands, to show off one's fine clothes in church. They have a queer notion that church is for some other purpose, so they make their display in the streets and elsewhere. On Sunday they turn out in crowds, so that you would imagine it was some great fair day in a country village. On all the other days of the week hurdy-gurdies and street-organs are prohibited, but on Sundays they seem to spring up by magic. Your ears are almost deafened by their din, you stumble on them at almost every step. You find them of every conceivable size, and form, and sound.

But I must hurry on to the University. The building itself is not specially imposing, though a fine large stone structure, very well arranged inside, being divided into offices and class-rooms. In the spacious hall were blackboards with all sorts of notices and plans of lecture hours. The different rooms of the building are not assigned to particular professors or subjects, but are employed according as the class of students is large or small. For instance in Church History, or History of Philosophy, or Modern Literature, or some such subject, a large room was used which could seat one or two hundred, while subjects less popular were taught in rooms less spacious. The University at Halle is the union of an old institution there and the famous University

of Wittemberg, where Luther taught and attracted the youth of Germany to his feet. The university polity of Germany is a very peculiar one. Each institution is a little empire in itself, and to some extent independent of the town in which it is situated. It has its Cæsar and its senate, its patricians and its plebeians, its laws and its terrible dungeon. An offending student is not tried and punished by the town authorities, but by those of the University, and many an unlucky wight is left to cogitate over his evil deeds in the college jug, his only companions being his mug of beer and his long pipe.

Each institution is thus independent in itself, but is at the same time leagued to a certain extent with all others, so that time spent at one is recognized as good as if spent at another; and in fact students are recommended to study at at least two, and in some cases at three different places, according to the particular branch to which they wish to devote their energies. They go where the most famous professors are who teach that particular branch.

Students frequently inscribe themselves differently at different places. At the first they inscribe their names as students of law, perhaps, and live a fast life for a year, sowing their wild oats. Then in another they become students of philosophy, and work a little, and in a third they turn out to be theologians. At each university a student has a great variety of subjects to choose from. He gets a plan of the lectures for the year, and takes such as suit his purpose or taste. There are no recitations, or at least in very rare cases. At a certain time he announces himself ready for examination, passes his written work, and then undergoes the ordeal of promiscuous oral chopping-up before the assembled faculty. Then he is "plucked" or honoured with his degree as the case may be. University life in Germany presents advantages of the very highest class, of incalculable worth—but also an opportunity for the most unbridled dissipation.

In Halle there were in all about sixty professors in the four different faculties. They had, of course, a full staff for each—a Faculty of Law, of Philosophy, of Medicine, and of Theology. Each faculty has the right, I believe, of making any man whom they wish a professor if they see an opening for him, and have means for his support. Thus men of talent are frequently called

from the pastoral work to become professors, and are sometimes taken from the less to the more wealthy institutions.

There is, however, another way of attaining the position of professor, and then success depends on real talent more than on the prestige of a name. A young man commences as *privat docent*, or private lecturer. He has the use of a lecture-room and his name appers on the calender. He gives out his hours, and if students come to hear him he gets their regular fees, but that is all. If he succeeds as *privat docent* he is raised to the standing of professor extraordinary. He receives still no stated salary but has higher privileges in the faculty and stands a better chance of having support from the number of his students. When an opening is found in the ranks of the particular faculty to which he aspires, he may be selected as professor ordinary. But from the weary mien and the wrinkled brow of many a professor, you may read a tale of hope deferred, and from their seedy coats a story of long continued impecuniosity.

It is not often that the professors appear in any particular costume, but when they do they are fantastic enough. The occasion on which I had a sight of their pageantry was the celebration of the centenary of Schleiermacher's birth. The public were admitted into the spacious and tasteful University Hall, and the assembled faculties marched in through another door, led by lictors with their insignia, followed by senate quirites and their train. Their robes varied from purple and scarlet, to white and blue and gold. Father Tholuck was helped to the throne; on each side stood an officer with a sceptre-like wand, as the people listened to the oration of the patriarchal professor.

Amongst the professors you will find, of course, the greatest difference of manner. You may take it as a rule that Germans are poor rhetoricians, poor orators; and as their lectures are all delivered or read, each one falls into some fault of delivery. I remember having listened to only one who had any pretence to oratory, and that was a neat little professor of literature who was just created ordinary professor. He gave a very interesting course on modern literature. Many a time I had to smile at his pronunciation of the names of some of our English authors, such as Richardson and others—not worse, however, than English pronunciation of German.

Between the lectures there is always what they call an

academical quarter. That is the lectures would continue up to the end of the hour and then a quarter was always allowed for the student to take a walk around the hall, and collect from their different rooms into the one for the next hour. So that if a lecture is announced for ten, it commenced really at a quarter past. During this quarter the lecture-room often presents a lively appearance. Many employ the time in the enjoyment of a smoke. The quarter strikes, however, and cigars disappear, and all is silent. The Professor of History of Philosophy comes, a great burly man with little grey eyes. He bangs his hat on his desk, stands beside it and fires away at the students in a rapid strain. He has no paper, no notes, but a clear head and good memory. The students sit and write. Happy the one who can follow him in his rapid utterances. "Pst," "pst," is heard from different quarters of the room. That means "Hold on; not so fast!" or rather "What's that?" He then reins up and repeats what he said, but always in different words.

Old Dr. Muller lectures on dogmatics, he has had several paralytic strokes, has lost his teeth, and speaks indistinctly. He always sits, and partly reads. In answer to the "pst" he repeats his last sentence word for word. Jacoby lectures on Church History. He stands and reads his manuscript in a heavy monotone, and almost puts you to sleep.

Dr. Tholuck, is for theologians, the great attraction in Halle.* And he deserves a little longer notice. He celebrated recently his jubilee as professor. He is a man short in stature, bent in form, of wrinkled face and sunken cheeks, but his soul is aglow with heaven's fire, and his heart is full of human sympathy. He is the son of a watchmaker. It is said that his father forbade his studying, and he, in order to study took his nights, and robbed himself of half his sleep, and kept his feet in cold water in order to keep awake. That practice undermined his constitution Every year since they have expected his death, but still he lives, and lectures, and writes, and preaches. He preaches one-half the year the academical sermons, and on those occasions the immense cathedral is crowded. He is recognized to be one of the most learned men of Germany—speaks English, French, Italian, and Latin, as well as his native tongue. Greek and Hebrew are equally familiar, and besides he reads his Sanscrit, Arabic, and,

* This was written before the recent death of this lamented professor.

Turkish works. Yet he is nearly blind. He is especially to be honoured as the man who stood almost alone in the support of evangelical truth, when nearly all the universities were thoroughly rationalistic. He stood firm when almost hooted in the streets for his old fogyism. Now he reaps the well-earned laurels of honour for the conquest he has helped to win for the cause of the Truth. He has a habit of taking a walk every day from eleven to one o'clock, on which occasions he always has two companions, generally two students one on each side, with whom he converses on every imaginable subject. When the weather is fine he always goes into the suburbs of the town, to the brow of a hill overlooking river and town; when wet the promenade is confined to a covered walk in his garden, which the boys used to call his race-course. Those hours that I had the honour of thus spending with him are never to be forgotten. He was always particularly kind to English-speaking students.

His wife was a countess, and gave up her titles to marry him and she lost nothing by it either. She is small and lady-like, and brimful of kindness. They are exceedingly happy in their domestic life. They have no children, but delight in making the children of others happy. Sunday night never passed without his having his table surrounded by students. Those hours of conversation, always on religious topics, were precious to those invited. His views were so broad, and breathed such a spirit of love, that you could not but be reminded of the Apostle John. At Christmas he always had a company of students to enjoy with them their Christmas tree, to each of whom he always gave some little remembrances. His death, when it comes will bring sadness into Christian hearts as far as Christianity is known.

His jokes were always worth laughing at, the more because usually unexpected. One is recorded of him which will serve to illustrate the whole chapter of them.

"What resemblance," said he to a group of students, "do you perceive between the Prophet Habbakuk and myself?"

One thought there was a similarity in style, another in spirit, another in special calling, and so on.

"Well, he dryly replied, the most striking resemblance I see is, that both his name and mine end with an *uk*."

"Do you have many rationalistic people in Canada?" said he

to me during one of our walks. One of his great works is on Rationalism, and he looks upon that as his most legitimate foe, so that his mind often ran upon that subject.

"Well, no," I replied. "As far as I can judge, I think the Canadians are vastly too *rational* to become *rationalistic.*"

That pleased the old man amazingly. Another time he was marching up and down the "race-course," myself on one side, the other supported by a prim young student of philosophy who was just now all-glorious in the first feathers of his *doctorandum* wings.

"Herr Eby," said he, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "have you any philosophers in Canada?"

"That depends," I replied, "on what you mean by a philosopher."

"Now, then," he said, turning to our companion, "Herr Philander, what is a philosopher?"

He, thus accosted, stood still, looked for a moment at the brick flag at his feet, and then drawing his mouth into the concentrated pucker of an examination victim, replied, "A philosopher is one who deals with the causes and reason of things."

"Now, then," asked the Doctor again, "have you any philosophers in Canada.

"Oh, yes, I think we have that kind of philosophers," I answered.

"What are their names?" he continued.

I began to get cornered, but I told him that I thought "Der Herr President Doctor S. S. Nelles" was a good specimen of a philosopher.

"Oh," said he, "has he published many works?"

I told him I thought he hadn't published very many, but he seemed only half satisfied to think that there was a philosopher living whose works he had not read.

Dr. Tholuck was to me the very *beau ideal* of a successful and wise trainer of fishers of men—grand and clear in the lecturer's desk, simple and evangelical as the University preacher, faultless in his example, loving in his disposition, genial in all his social relations, sternly strict in his devotion to principle and truth, and magnetic in his influence over men. The memory of his acquaintance and friendship will abide with me, fragrant with all the sweetness of benediction. One of the relics in my library that I shall ever dearly prize, is a copy of his Commentary on

his favourite gospel, that of John, on the fly-leaf of which the legend, written in the strangest of scrawling crow-tracks, reads thus:—

"Mit herzlichem Segenswunsche seinem biedern jungen Freunde Eby.* "A. THOLUCK.

"JUNE, 27th, 1869."

But I must hurry on to the students. There were that year about nine hundred in attendance. That seems to us a very large number, but in Leipzig and Berlin they have from twelve or fifteen hundred to two thousand students. In Halle there were with me some seven or eight other foreigners who spoke English. One, a New Yorker, was a real type of his city. There were two neat, polished Bostonians, one of whom at least found the world a great deal bigger than he thought it was when at home. The other had been through their Southern war, and was a little used to roughing it. Another was a great rough, driving, boasting Western man, who will probably make a stir in the world some day. Then there were some very aristocratic Scotchmen. Two of us were Methodists, two Presbyterian, two Baptist, and one Congregationalist. I must not forget the Irishman from St. Louis who tried to make believe that he was a Catholic. However, we didn't quarrel amongst ourselves, and often met at the houses of the professors, especially at Tholuck's and Jacoby's.

The preparation of the German students for the University extends through a long course of nine years of grinding and strict supervision. During this time they are thoroughly drilled in classics, so that they must read and translate any Latin author at first sight, and write some of their papers in Latin. But practical subjects have been neglected, so that many a man comes there a Latinized and Greekized baby. To enter the university and be free is, of course, a great ambition of the German youth, and free they are. They come from the almost too strict gymnasium to the university, where every latitude is allowed them. The result is that the first year is devoted to making friends, drinking beer, and visiting the "kneipes" or clubs.

One of the most striking peculiarities of student life is the existence of these societies, and their numerous concomitant evils. It is only just to say that they are growing less popular,

* With heart-felt well-wishing, to his brave young friend Eby."

and in the larger universities the majority of the students are not members. Still they do exist and wield an enormous influence over the young. The societies consist of from thirty to fifty members. They have their peculiar names, their coat-of-arms, their colours for caps, watch-guards, and a distinctive band across the breast. On the occasion of the burial of a professor, I saw the different societies of the Halle University turn out—there were eight or ten, numbering in all several hundred students. They presented a rather fantastic appearance as they marched along, two by two, each with his distinctive cap and band, and the leaders armed with swords. The great object of these clubs is to form a sort of family tie between a certain number of students. The members of the same society are brethren, and sworn to each other. They seldom go with any other student, and are only too keen to fall out with some member of a rival club so as to try their swords. The principle rules of the societies are, to meet twice or three times each week in a kniepe to drink as much beer as possible; to exercise in fencing in the meantime, and then on every opportunity avenge all fancied or real insults. Hence the practice of duelling is unhappily prevalent.

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## THE BOOK.

A GALLERY of sacred pictures manifold,
A minster rich in holy effigies,
And bearing on entablature and frieze
The hieroglyphic oracles of old.
Along its transept aureoled martyrs sit;
And the low chancel side-lights half acquaint
The eye with shrines of prophet, bard, and saint,
Their golden tablets traced in holy writ!
But only when on form and word obscure
Falls from above the white supernal light
We read the mystic characters aright,
And light informs the silent portraiture,
Until we pause at last awe-held before
The one ineffable Face, love, wonder, and adore.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

# WRECKED—A WEEK ON SABLE ISLAND.

BY J. C.

II.

For some days it was too rough to go through the surf to the steamer; but on Wednesday four boats started to bring the baggage. Great anxiety was felt all day, it seemed wrong that lives should be risked for property, however valuable. Many passengers stayed up till midnight when the last boat returned, directed where to land by the fog-horn, a bell ringing, and a fire on the shore. On Thursday morning a public meeting was held in the large boat-house. Three motions were carried: the first of condolence to the captain; the second of thanks to the Canadian Government and people of the Island; the last to take up a subscription for those who had risked their lives for the baggage. The address of thanks reads as follows:—

Sable Island, July 17th., 1879.

Whereas,—We are unfortunately detained on Sable Island. * * * We desire to express our appreciation of the comforts furnished and the protection afforded by the Dominion of Canada. We take the greater pleasure in doing so, as but two of our number are subjects of that Government. Without the provision thus made the trials of our situation would have been much increased, if indeed, they could have been borne. To the Superintendent of the Island, Duncan McDonald, his wife, and faithful men who risked their lives to save some of ours, and who have done all that we could desire, and more than we could expect for our comfort; we express the feelings that are in our hearts to them of warmest gratitude and personal regard. We feel the debt that we owe to them, a debt because of their sacrifice of ease and comfort in our behalf which we can never repay. We would commend the Government of Canada for its selection of a man to take charge of this Island, where there is so much danger to those who follow the sea, so eminently fitted by his largeness of heart for the position that he occupies. (Signed), etc.

A few words as to my own personal disasters and good fortune. When the boats came on Monday, a few trunks were brought among them. Mine either fell or was thrown into the water. When I was informed of the loss, the news was, I hope, received with equanimity, in view of such heavy and bitter losses as some

had sustained. Hearing that a trunk had been washed ashore, and was lying at the lighthouse, the next day I walked thither and saw our ship with bow down and stern raised high in air. On opening the trunk the sodden, swollen, and "unwholesome" looking mass may be imagined. The condition of ribbons, lace, linen, feathers, stationery, all soaked for over two days in sea water need not be told. Peculiar associations must ever cling to two or three books. At the moment we struck I was reading Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea," and was enjoying the delightful description of this "great and wide sea," just when it seemed as if I was shortly to make closer acquaintance with its depths. A number of *Scribner* is swollen to thrice its size, the article describing the worldly, ambitious, utterly unwomanly Madame Bonaparte, has the three beautiful faces, much defaced by salt water and sand. It is refreshing in this age of flimsy work to be able to bear witness to the honesty of that trunk-maker, and the soundness of his principles—and his hinges.

*Steamer Hibernian, July 24th.*—Afloat once more, how thankful we are to be on the open sea. On Friday some of us began to feel discouraged, in fact blue, having secretly been hoping to hear from our relief party; however, to make up for our disappointment, the sun for the first time shone out. We scattered in all directions, some climbing the dunes, others wandering along the shore, gathering strawberries, which are abundant, small but sweet, and watching the hundreds of seals. In the evening we went to view the remains, or rather the site of the "French gardens," made about three hundred years ago by those unfortunate convicts. Saturday proved also a clear day and brought us a friend in need. A steamer was sighted and great excitement prevailed as to whether it was coming to our relief or not. We climbed the flagstaff hill, and all the opera glasses available were brought into requisition. As the vessel approached our hopes rose high and higher. By noon it was evident she was about to anchor about a mile out. All doubt was at an end when we saw in the small boat now coming the sunburned face of the third officer, who had gone five days ago in charge of the relief party. We found this was the steamer *Glendon* sent to convey us to Halifax. Notwithstanding our delight, a feeling of sadness at parting with our Island friends was strangely intermingled, and the mothers

whose children were yet lying in the sea felt as if they would fain remain to see their dead decently buried. By eight o'clock, exactly seven days from the moment we struck, we were all on board the *Glendon*, under the command of Lieut. Brown, Royal Navy, who well sustained the reputation of that noble body. Since leaving New York we seemed to have been breathing a Scottish atmosphere, the captain, officers, and nearly all hands of the *Virginia* being of that nationality. It seems as if the McDonalds were ubiquitous, leaving as Premier of the Dominion, Sir John Macdonald, another of the same name as Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, now Duncan McDonald, "Governor" of a smaller territory, it is true, but one requiring decision, watchfulness, daring, and administrative ability.

We found that our brave relief party had had a difficult task. They had reached land on Wednesday morning, but dared not land in the fog till night. Then they had to walk some miles till they could hire a waggon, they say at a fabulous rate, to convey them to the nearest railway station. The *Glendon* made the trip in twenty-four hours, and was equally fortunate in returning. As we watched the nearing land we congratulated ourselves that our entrance into the city would not have the publicity of open day, and felt grateful to the kindly obscurity which was thus casting its charitable mantle over us, for we were truly rather a disreputable looking collection of fagged-out, rusty—in plain terms, dirty-looking individuals. Then the peculiar effect of Sable Island sun and fog, was evident. Some were burned and blistered red and brown, noses, lips, cheeks—others with the appearance of erysipelas, and many with weary haggard faces. The gentlemen, many of whom had not shaved for a week, presented the peculiar, indescribably wretched, unmitigatedly hard look that a week's neglect of the razor gives. We were soon enjoying all that a first-class hotel could give of comfort. Oh! the pleasure after our experience, of having a room to one's self, and water to wash with *ad libitum*. The perfect enjoyment of that bed and bath is something to remember. Commend me to a week's lying on the floor to make one appreciate the comfort of a soft bed. Commend me also to a week of roughing it, to make people forget their minor ailments. Our tourists numbered many invalids, but whether it was from the plain food, the sea air, the excitement of danger, or what, who can say, the fact remains of the good

health enjoyed by all, and the disappearance of the languid invalid air.

In a pouring rain we again started Europe-ward. May our voyage be more fortunate than that brought to so "lame and impotent a conclusion." Were it not for the sad loss of life, we should really have no reason to regret our adventure, and might otherwise look at the matter from a humourous point of view. We were tourists looking for a convenient place of summer resort, and we certainly found one, the beauties of which were not worn threadbare by description. Many fortunate circumstances accompanied our adventure; personally I fared well, and though travelling alone have received much kindness.

Sable Island, name of dread! What ominous thoughts and visions do these words summon up to the mariner. If those sands could tell all they have witnessed, all the brave men and good ships destroyed by the insatiable sea, what a record we should have, what a chapter of horrors! As the name implies it is a sand bar, and is supposed to owe its origin to the meeting of the Gulf Stream and the Arctic current, the *debris* deposited from the melting of icebergs and sand thrown up. It is situated in 44° north latitude, 60° west longitude. This obstruction is right in the former track of vessels to Europe, for of late years such is the dread of their dangerous proximity that the course has been changed. There are many constituents of this danger, the Island lies so low, its dull colour is so like the sea on a dark day, the shoal water extends so far at each end, the heavy swell and mysterious and uncertain tides and currents which sometimes drag a ship out of her course altogether, till the unwary seaman finds himself caught in the arms of this monstrous devil fish, as it were, which only yields up its prey when torn and dismantled. The Island is shaped like a bow. It is one mile wide and twenty-two from end to end, fifty including the bars. The sand in storms is constantly shifting, scooped out in crater-like hollows, and again uplifted in hills, sometimes one hundred feet high; these again displaced disclose their hideous spoil.

The first mention we find of the Island is in 1518, when the Baron de Lery left cattle there. In 1598 the Marquis de la Roche left 50 French convicts on the Island, intending to call for them when he had selected a suitable spot on the main land, but sailed back to France without doing so, as a violent storm came on. Aban-

doned for seven years the convicts obtained provisions, and torn timber for huts from a French ship which was wrecked. King Henry IV. sent La Roche's pilot to bring them home, but he, cunning man, drove a shrewd hard bargain, and agreed to take them home on condition of their delivering up the whole store of furs they had collected. In 1583, the *Delight*, one of Humphrey Gilbert's ships struck in a fog on the north-east bar of Sable Island, when one hundred, nearly all on board, perished. In 1746 when a large French expedition of sixty vessels, sailed to attack Annapolis and Boston, and retake Louisburg, a furious gale scattered the fleet, many were wrecked on this Island, and only a few reached Halifax. In 1799 the Duke of Kent, father of her present Majesty, lost all his military outfit, costing £10,000, as well as an extensive library in the *Francis,* wrecked on Sable Island, every soul on board perished; strange to say this was the seventh outfit the Duke had lost, either by wreck or French cruisers.

The present establishment for the relief of wrecks was started in 1803 by the Provinces of Canada. In 1827, the British Government took a certain share of the expense. A record of the wrecks for a short time will show how many lives have thus been saved. In one winter, previous to the establishment being formed, two hundred lives were lost, and in a few years forty wrecks took place. In a record beside me, extending from 1855 to 1873, there were thirty-four wrecks, but on only one occasion was there any loss of life, though the landing was frequently made with a line. In the lonely graveyard is an inscription to two young men, natives of Nova Scotia, who lost their lives in rescuing the crew and passengers of the *William Bennett.* A remarkable instance of a vessel braving the fury of the surf occurred in 1846, when the schooner *Arno* was driven in a storm towards the shore. The captain sent his men below, with the exception of two who were lashed to the ship, with instructions to deal out the contents of two casks of oil. He himself was lashed to the helm; seas were breaking all around, each one sufficient to shiver the schooner to fragments, but the oil acted as a charm, making the surf perfectly smooth, the schooner at length struck the beach, and though soon broken up all on board were saved.

There are at present on the Island two lighthouses. There are six stations under the command of the Superintendent, with a population of twenty men, and twenty-four women and children.

West Flagstaff stands on a hill, with its crow's nest or look-out one hundred feet above the sea. The men have a certain beat, over which they must ride, so that the whole coast is visited every twenty-four hours. All needful apparatus of a life-saving force is kept on hand, surf-boats, rockets, etc.

Sable Island last year raised146 tons of hay, 1,000 bushels of potatoes, and 200 barrels of cranberries; these last, at seven dollars a barrel, form quite an item in the exports of so unpromising a spot. Trees only reach a height of two feet and then die. An immense pile of wreckage, masts, and spars showed that plenty of fuel was to be had.

On the seashore we saw hundreds, nay thousands of seals. Curiosity with them seems to be a predominant trait as they will fellow people for miles, approaching very near the shore. The captain captured one which he brought to the house for our examination. Secured by a rope, it flopped along, observing us as carefully as we it, gazing with soft, mournful, intelligent eyes. Its colour was a soft grey with brown spots.

We picked up on the shore, where hundreds were lying, a curious oblong brown case, called by the sailors "Devil's pocket-book," and sometimes "Mermaiden's purse;" this proved to be the receptacle of the eggs of the dog-fish, a sort of shark. The gull's have favourite spots, where hundreds of eggs were lying bare, or sheltered by a coarse low weed with thick fleshy leaf; the shells were very brittle as many of us found to our cost. The most important animals are the horses, of Norman type, some three hundred in number; they live out all winter, digging down with their hoofs for water; in severe winters many perish. They run wild, except the few used by the inhabitants; they are sometimes shipped to the adjoining provinces, but though hardy are said to be lazy.

With the people of the Island we were favourably impressed, many of the hands seeming to be intelligent, and both physically and morally well developed. The "Governor," his wife, and family were kind, large-hearted people, the men employed, exceptionally honest and intelligent. They would receive absolutely nothing for services rendered. We thought of our noble Islanders when in England, seeing the hand ever outstretched for the expected fee. Not all the occupants of these seas have so high a sense of right as our Islanders, as in one of the trips of the

captain to the wreck, a schooner was found anchored near, its men busily occupied in carrying away the piano, mirrors, and other cabin furniture, which they did in spite of the opposition offered. Canvas was nailed over the name of the vessel, but it was seen that she was from Gloucester, so it seems the old days of wreckers have not expired.

On the walls of the parlour hung a very nicely executed model of a Norwegian bark, wrecked here last fall, done by one of the men, and left as a remembrance of their rescue. The captain, his wife, and crew of seven or eight stayed six weeks before they were taken off by the Government steamer. In the dining-room were the remnants of a library, old, battered, generally uninteresting books. Here was an opportunity we neglected. It would have been right and fitting for us to leave on the Island something to show our appreciation of the kindness received; a library for all would relieve the tedium of many a dreary day in the future, but the coming of our ship scattered every thought but that of escape, and we may number this with the great army of "lost opportunities." A pressing want is a submarine cable to the mainland, as much delay could be avoided, and help procured immediately in case of shipwreck. In this case the cargo could have been re-shipped at once, and passengers transferred without delay. [Since writing this cables have been laid to Anticosti and Magdalen Islands, one was promised to Sable Island but is not yet laid.] Many of the faces we still remember, the captain of the life-boat, poor fellow, lay for days apparently suffering from weak lungs. As the unmarried men seem to keep house themselves, the discomfort of this way of living for an invalid may be imagined. Those of us who went to see him could offer nothing but our sympathy. Another face is distinctly remembered, that of one who rode on the waggon with us to the house.

One use of the Island has not been yet mentioned. It is utilized sometimes as an Inebriate Asylum. As no liquor is allowed, and no opportunity of leaving can occur generally for months, there is a chance of having this madness cleared from brain and blood, no bolts, bars, enclosures, physicians, being necessary, making it thus, in some respects, a model asylum.

The description given of the autumn gales is something frightful. The Islanders find it impossible to sleep, the noise of the

sea being like continued thunder. From the crow's nest can be seen a boiling line of breakers extending for many miles. Winter here must put on its dreariest aspect. The present superintendent has been here for twelve years. Mrs. McDonald remarked to the clergyman of our party that this was the first time they had had the presence of a minister of the Gospel. No church service, no Sabbath bell, no Sunday or other schools, no lectures, no stores, no theatre, nor drinking-houses—how much they lose, and how much they gain. How little do we who live at home at ease, know of the dangers of the deep and the scenes of daring rescue at the many points of peril of our coast. How many lonely light-houses give warning by the steady light so carefully kept burning by the solitary watcher; what daring is shown by those who launch the life-boat, facing death, not for the mere pittance they receive, but at the call of duty. All honour then to our noble life-saving establishments, all honour to the men and women of Sable Island.

In a letter lately received from Mrs. McDonald, occurs a touching reference, showing her kind heart, to the graves of "our dead." "I have planted lilies on their graves which I keep in order, and often think of the sad fate of those beneath."

## GOD'S MIRROR.

Oh! might I see,
As in a glass, the glory of Thy love;
That so on me
Thy light reflected, I to men might prove
A mirror that might something show of Thee.

Fain would I gaze
Unwearied, till I gazed all self away,
That so Thy praise
I might in every act and word display,
And Thou in me live only all my days.

So through my heart,
Thy love unchecked, unceasingly should flow;
This all my part—
The glad possession evermore to know,
And then to all, the living joy impart.

# LIFE IN A PARSONAGE;

*OR, LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE ITINERANCY,*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S MESSENGER."

## CHAPTER IV.—THE RECEPTION.

"WELCOME to Fairview!" exclaimed a cheery voice, as Lawrence and his wife drove up to the broad piazza'd house of Father Lowry which they had been invited to make their home for a time. The cheery voice belonged to a large cheery-looking man with twinkling black eyes, iron-grey hair, and merry wrinkles written all over his broad cheery face.

"An' is this the Missis?" he went on, after shaking Lawrence with immense energy by the hand, "Blessings on your bonny face ma'am; the blessing that maketh rich be upon you. But hurry into the house, we are all waiting for you. You're just in time to 'scape the shower," and he gallantly helped Edith out of the carriage.

"Here Tom take the preacher's horse, and give him of the best," he said to a long, lank, shy-looking youth who was taking furtive glances at the new arrivals.

Passing through an elm-shaded gateway and up a gravelled walk, bordered on either side by fragrant June roses, they were met on the verandah by a matronly-looking woman who grasped Lawrence's hand with both of hers and said: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

Then throwing her arms around Edith she kissed her with motherly tenderness on both cheeks and said, "Welcome, my dear, to our hearts and home. Here are some of our folk come to wish you joy and bid you welcome," and she introduced several blushing girls and some of the village matrons who were present to assist at the reception.

Father Lowry meantime introduced Lawrence to a few of the circuit officials. "This is Uncle Jabez, our class-leader—he is everybody's uncle, you know. And this is Father Thomas, our local preacher, he will be your right-hand man. And this is Brother Manning, the circuit-steward; he will be one of your best friends."

Thus Lawrence was made acquainted with his future allies

and co-workers in the cause of God, and in turn introduced them to his wife. Personally the new comers felt far more at home than they could have imagined it possible to become so soon among strangers. They felt not only that they were among friends, but that they were knit together by bonds of spiritual kinship far stronger than the ordinary ties of friendship.

"The new preacher and his wife must be tired and hungry after their long ride," said the matronly Mrs. Lowry; "let us have supper," and she bustled about, on hospitable thoughts intent, to serve the bountiful repast prepared in honour of the occasion.

Nothing tends more to promote acquaintance and good fellowship than the enjoyment of a common hospitality. Under the genial influences of tea and cake the last ice of timidity or reserve melts away. The good farmer-folk asked Lawrence many questions about his last circuit, about the soil, the crops, and other bucolic matters, and seemed somewhat surprised that he knew apparently as much about rural subjects as themselves. The matrons praised their hostess's good tea and discussed domestic matters, and kept up meanwhile a pretty keen and critical observation of the young preacher's wife—for the most part apparently with very favourable results. In listening to the conversation, even the most bashful boy became unconscious of his shyness and general awkwardness, and the most timid girl forgot to blush when that awful dignitary, the new preacher, asked her some question, in order to "draw her out" and get acquainted.

After tea, as the rain had cleared off, and the fresh fragrance of the roses drifted in at the open windows, in the long twilight several of the village friends dropped in. Edith felt a pleasant sense of enjoyment at the manner in which their kind hosts seemed to take possession of them, and introduce them as "our new preacher." and "our new preacher's wife." It was not without some feelings of embarrassment that she found herself the object of so much interest, especially when a somewhat severe-looking person, old Mrs. Marshall, in a black bombazine gown, said to her "You must be president of our Dorcas Society," and a chorus of matrons echoed "Oh, yes, and we want you to lead the young peoples' class, and take charge of the female prayer-meeting."

"Wait till you get settled a bit, dear," said Mrs. Lowry, "and

see where you are and get to know the people, then you'll take a class in the Sunday-School, won't you ?"

"I am sure I will be glad to do anything I can," faltered Edith, a little disconcerted by this array of honours and duties thrust upon her. "But I have had no experience except as a Sunday-School teacher."

"Oh, we will look up to you as our leader in every good word and work," said Mrs. Marshall, smoothing her silk apron. "As the preacher's wife you will be expected to take your place as his help-mate, you know."

To two persons Edith felt her heart drawn out in loving sympathy—the kind motherly Mrs. Lowry, and a pale delicate girl with violet eyes and golden hair—Carrie Mason by name, the only daughter of an invalid and widowed mother.

"You'll come and see my mother soon, won't you ?" shyly whispered, in the twilight, the timid girl, "she is sick and cannot come to see you."

"Yes, dear," replied Edith, kissing her smooth white forehead. "It shall be the first call I will make," and they fell into loving converse, and soon felt like very old friends indeed.

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## CHAPTER V.—PUBLIC OPINION.

"Well, I must say," remarked Mrs. Manning, the small but bustling wife of the circuit-steward to her neighbour, Mrs. Marshall, the tall ascetic lady who wore the costume of severe black, as they walked home together through the elm-shaded street—"Well, I must say she is not a bit stuck up ; if she hev been to college, as they say she hev, though for my part what call girls hez to go to college I can't see. There's my girls, now, they've never been to no college, an' more capable girls, and better housekeepers, and butter-makers you won't find no wheres, if I do say it myself."

"That's so, Mrs. Manning," replied Mrs. Marshall, with a sigh of resignation. "The times is changed since you and I was girls. Its nothing but music, an' book larnin', and fine art now. For my part, I think they just spoils women. The preacher's wife don't seem to have a realizin' sense of her duties and responsibilities ; do you think she hev now ?"

"Oh, we mustn't expect too much at first you know," said the fussy little matron, in a chirping bird-like manner, "she's only a young thing and will learn her duty, I make no doubt, under your instruction. You always was famous for guiding the preachers' wives."

"Well, I feel it an obligation to tell them their duty," said Mrs. Marshall with another sigh. She almost always sighed when she spoke, especially in class-meeting, when she told of her trials and tribulations as a pilgrim through this "howling wilderness," and lamented over the degeneracy of the times.

Mr. Manning and Uncle Jabez, who walked behind the ladies, confined their remarks to the preacher himself, as coming more within their purview than his wife.

"Well, Uncle Jabez, how d'ye think he'll do?" asked the circuit-steward, with an air of considerable personal responsibility in "running the circuit," as he was wont to phrase it.

"Well, he seems to have the root of the matter in him, and that's the main thing, I 'low," replied the old man, who was of a sweet, spiritual nature, and always looked at the spiritual aspects of character. "He seems modest, and sensible, and hearty. He shakes hands as if he meant it; and they are hands that have seen hard work, you can tell by the grip of his muscle. He knows how to swing an axe, I 'low." The latter expression, a somewhat common contraction in parts of Canada for "I allow," was evidently, through force of habit, a favourite with the old man.

"Oh, there's no nonsense about him, you can see that," said the rather more worldly-minded steward; which quality, we suppose, was one of the principal reasons for his appointment to that office. "He've kep' his eyes open. Was right peart at college, I hear tell."

"I don't, as a gineral thing, think much o' these college-larnt, man-made ministers;" said Uncle Jabez, "they is apt to be perky, and stuck up, and aint no ways as good preachers as some as never see a college. There now was William Ryerson, and Ezra Adams, and Henry Wilkinson, and others of the old pi'neers, who never saw the inside of a college; and yet there's no young men, now-a-days, can preach like they could, I 'low." The old man, like most of those who are haunted with a feeling that they "lag superfluous on the stage," was rather a *laudator*

*temporis acti;* but the pious sweetness of his spirit prevented any bitterness of expression.

"I guess there's preaching timber in him," said the steward, "if he is like his father, whom I used to hear, years agone, out to the front. An' they say, he's a chip off the old block. I think his comin' would have been a main chance for the Fairview Circuit, if it wasn't for his wife; not that I have anything against her—she seems a nice-mannered young thing. But, you know, we didn't expect to be sot off as a separate circuit this year, an' we can't afford to keep a married man. Where's he going to live, I'd like to know?"

"Why can't he and his wife live round among the people?" asked Uncle Jabez. "They'll be expected to visit a great deal. I'm sure they're welcome to stop at my house as often and as long as they like," he went on, in the genial hospitality of his heart, "That's the way the old pi'neers used to do."

"Yes," said Mr. Manning, with a dubious expression, "but times is changed, and not for the better, either, as far as I see. Preachers expect parsonages, and furniture, and everything fixed up slick, now-a-days."

"Well, it would be nice if we had one," said genial Uncle Jabez, "I'm sure I wouldn't grudge it to 'em. The labourer is worthy of his hire, an' they do have to labour purty hard. The Lord'll provide, some way, Brother Manning, doant you be afeared," said this optimistic philosopher.

"Yes, but the Lord works by means," remarked, a little testily, the more practical steward. "He won't work a miracle to do what we can do for ourselves."

"Doant be afeared, Brother Manning," said the old man, "the Lord'll provide, that's my motter—The Lord'll provide." And the two Church officials parted for the night.

But the steward, who felt the financial responsibility of the circuit resting, to a large extent, upon himself, passed a rather restless time. Probably the Chancellor of the Exchequer of a kingdom, in prospect of a deficit of the budget, might have been less anxious and disquieted than this honest farmer, who did not see how the young and comparatively weak circuit, of which he was financial minister, was going to meet its increased obligations. It had, as has been intimated, previously formed part of a large and influential circuit, and was quite willing to

remain so. But the expansion of the work had led to its being "set off." There was, as yet, no parsonage, nor any provision for a married man; and this caused the officials considerable perplexity when the Chairman of the district wrote that the Conference had found it impossible to send a young man, but that the minister whom it did send would be found just the man to "build up the circuit, and prove a great success." Like loyal Methodists, the officials resolved to make the best of it, to give the new preacher a warm welcome, and do as well for him as they could.

The members of the society and congregation expressed, without reservation, their delight at having a minister all to themselves. It added, in no small degree, to the dignity of the village to become the head of a circuit, with the prospect of a parsonage and resident minister's family. It added a new element of social interest to the little community of Fairview. This general feeling found expression in the words of Carrie Mason, as she recounted to her mother the events of the reception, and answered her questions about the new minister's wife.

"Oh, mother!" said the impulsive girl, "she is just perfectly splendid. She is as nice as ever she can be. She kissed me, just like a sister, and promised that her very first visit would be to come and see you. I'm sure I shall love her ever so much. And she's going to lend me some of her books. And though she's been to college, and knows ever so much, yet she isn't the least bit proud. And she is to teach in the Sunday-school. She'll have all the grown girls in the village. It will be so nice to have a minister's wife of our own to come and see you when you are ill, and everything."

"Yes, dear," said the patient sufferer, "a minister's wife has a very important part to play, and can do a deal of good, when, sometimes, her husband, no matter how good or how clever, could not. A woman's tact and a woman's heart can comfort the suffering and the sorrowing as nothing else can." And she gave herself up to pleasing anticipations of the congenial society and sympathy of a lady of superior culture and refinement. For though now in reduced circumstances, Mrs. Mason had once moved in a much higher social rank. The daughter of a British officer, and widow of an accomplished physician, she felt a yearning for intellectual conversation, and sympathy

with books, and art, and science, that found slight opportunity for indulgence in the rural community in which, since her husband's death, her lot was cast.

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## CHAPTER VI.—GETTING SETTLED.

When Lawrence found himself alone with his wife, after the reception, he patted her cheek, as he would that of a good child, and said,

"Well, how did you like the initiation?"

"It was not quite such an ordeal as I feared," she laughingly replied, "but, perhaps, the worst has to come yet. I'm sure they were kindness itself; and I love them very much. Do you think they liked me?"

"Of course they did. Didn't I tell you they couldn't help it?" And he emphasized the remark as he had before, while she blushed very prettily at the compliment.

"I'm afraid they expect a great deal from me," she said, after a pause. "Old Mrs. Marshall—the lady of the rueful countenance, who wore the black bombazine dress, and always sighed when she spoke—laid down my duties pretty thoroughly; I am afraid I shall hardly come up to her expectations."

"Well, my dear," said Lawrence, caressingly, "it is I who have married you and not she; and you will come up to my expectations, I am sure. You will try to do your duty, I know. It will be a pleasure for us both to labour among such kind-hearted people. I already feel my soul knit to them. Our welcome to this hospitable home could not have been warmer. But we must not wear it out. We must get a home of our own as soon as we can."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Edith, and she gaily carolled—

> "'Be it ever so humble
> There's no place like home:'

I would rather live in the poorest cottage of our own than in a palace belonging to others. Home is woman's kingdom, you know, and I am eager to assume my sceptre and rule you with a rod of iron."

Lawrence laughed as if he was not very much afraid, and

then, putting on as much of a look of resignation as he could, he said, "Well, I have put the yoke of bondage on my own neck, and I suppose I must bear it with all the fortitude I can summon. About this home business, however, I fear there may be a little difficulty. It seems there is not a house to be had in the village, except a large dilapidated one on the bluff above the lake. It was built for a mill-owner, and after the mill had sawn up all the timber within reach both mill and house were abandoned, and they have both gone a good deal to rack. I am afraid we should be lost in a large house, and then we have very little to put in it. But if it is at all habitable, we can take up our quarters in the best rooms and use the rest as the outworks of our ruined castle. It will be quite romantic, won't it?"

The next day they set out to have a look at "The Castle" as they called it. Their kind host and hostess warmly remonstrated, and with true warm-hearted Irish hospitality insisted on Lawrence and his wife remaining their guests till a suitable house could be provided.

"We will want to come and see you often," said Edith, "and we don't want you to get tired of us at first——"

"Never a fear of that," interrupted the hostess.

"And besides, Mrs. Lowry," Edith went on, "how would you like to be without a home yourself—a real home that you could call your own?"

"True for you, dear," said that motherly soul, "I don't wonder that you want to be mistress of your own home, and I'll be willing to let you go as soon as ever a fit house can be found."

To "The Castle," therefore, Edith and Lawrence went. Though ruinous enough, it was certainly not very romantic. Indeed, so utterly prosaic was it that Edith burst into a laugh, and exclaimed:

"Another of my *chateaux en Espagne* demolished. No, it certainly is not the least like a castle."

It had been rather a fine house in its time. It stood on a high bluff, commanding a magnificent view for miles of the lake and islands. It was a large rambling structure with a great hall running through the middle, and there were several large appartments on either side, and in the rear. But through disuse and neglect it wore an indescribably dilapidated look, and the broken windows looked like the eyeless sockets of a skull. A broad piazza ran

around three sides. Just beneath the bluff were the remains of the old dismantled saw mill, adding still more to the forlornness of the scene.

"Well, my fair chatelaine, what do you think of it?" asked Lawrence, as they explored the tumble-down barracks.

"It is not quite my ideal of 'love in a cottage,'" she laughed, "but it is a place of splendid possibilities. The magnificent view from the piazza might make amends for considerable discomfort in doors. If one-half of the house were repaired and put in order I think it could be made quite habitable."

So Lawrence went to see the agent of the estate, who was somewhat surprised at the request.

"Oh," he said, "it is not worth much, but I suppose we must ask something, just to retain our title, you know. Suppose we call it a dollar a month?"

Lawrence asked if anything would be done to improve the premises so as to make them worth more rent, but the agent, "guessed it wouldn't be worth while, for nobody would be likely to stay there longer than he could help."

At the official meeting of the church, which was soon held, the project met with slight favour; but no other alternative presented itself except that proposed by good Uncle Jabez, that the preacher should "board round," like the schoolmaster and "pi'neer preachers" of the olden time. But though some of the Board favoured this plan for reasons of economy, yet Lawrence strenuously objected.

"No, brethren," he said, "I've been boarding round for the last six years, and I've nothing to say against it for a single man; but I must have a home, a home of my own, now, I care not how homely."

"Our minister is right," said good Father Lowry, "my house is at his service as long as he likes, and I know yours are, too; but he has a right to one of his own. Till we can build a parsonage we must make him as comfortable as possible at the Old Mill,"—by which designation the "Castle" was best known.

So it was arranged that the village carpenter was to repair at least half of the house, and that immediately after "haying" a "bee" was to be made to put the grounds in order. Some furniture—rather plain and not too much of it—was purchased. Some rooms were papered by Lawrence himself. His books

were unpacked and put in a book-case, making the best and noblest adornment any room can possess—introducing, even into a cabin, the mighty kings of thought and laureled priests of poetry. Edith set out some beds of flowers, and draped the windows with tasteful though inexpensive curtains. Some cool summer matting covered the bare floors. Her prize books and parlour bric-a-brac were displayed upon the table. A tinted photograph of the Dresden Madonna—the loveliest of Raphael's works—a chromo of the Pfalzburg on the Rhine, two water colour sketches, by her own hand, of the rock scenery of Lake Muskoka, a steel portrait of Wesley, and another of the poet Dante, gave the needed touch of colour to the walls and an air of refinement to the little parlour not surpassed by any in the village. Beauty and elegance depend not so much on the purse as good taste. A cabinet organ, her father's wedding-gift, with some familiar music, gave the room a still more home-like effect.

"It's just perfectly lovely," said Carrie Mason, who had herself contributed largely to the transformation, to her mother. "It is the prettiest little parlour in all Fairview."

"Why, here you be, as snug as a bug in a rug," said Father Lowry in his cheery way, to Edith, as he came to see how she was getting settled.

"Its perfectly wonderful the change you have made," said Mrs. Manning, who with her friend, Mrs. Marshall, had dropped in to give her advice on the matter. "I guess I must ask your advice about brightening up my own parlour instead of giving any about your own." And certainly the bright sunny room was a great contrast to the gloomy apartment, from which except on high festival occasions, every ray of light was excluded, with its heavy hair-cloth sofa and chairs arranged in solemn order, like mutes at a funeral, around the walls.

"For my part," said Mrs. Marshall with her customary sigh as they walked home together, "I wouldn't want a lot of kick-shaws like these a-litterin' up my room, and that Papish pictur' of the Virgin Mary on the wall I think perfectly scandalous in a Protestant's house, and he a minister, too. Besides, as the hymn says—

'This world is all a fleetin' show
For man's delusion given.'

And its clean flying in the face of Providence this adornin' our houses as if we was to live in them for ever."

## THE HIGHER LIFE.

### He Leads Us On.

He leads us on,
By paths we did not know.
Upward He leads us, though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet when the clouds are gone
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on
Through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and fears
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled maze
Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days
We know His will is done;
And still He leads us on.

And He, at last,
After the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain,
After our toils are past
Will give us rest at last.

### Holiness of Character.

It is not a mere impulse. It is a deep, abiding life within, a standing of spiritual maturity, that gives promise of still greater advancement in "whatever things are pure." Habitual strength is its chief characteristic—strength to wait upon God, as well as to perform His assigned tasks. Holiness of character includes purity of heart; but it is more than this. It is the experience of ripeness, "the full corn in the ear." It seldom is found in the earliest periods of discipleship. Time is usually one element of such attainments; here, as in the physical world, harvests of grace require the antecedent conditions of growth. The Holy Spirit produces his perfect fruitage in the soul, "love, joy, peace," etc., while the storms beat around, or the absence of moisture upon the external surface forces the roots to seek a deeper hold upon the hidden sources of supply. How many mistakes are

seen just here. The Christian, hitherto weak and worldly-minded, has been brought to see his privilege of the fullness. He claims the meritorious sacrifice by faith, and is brought into a large and wealthy place. His experience of the cleansing blood is genuine; a wonderful uplifting has really transpired; a new vision is his gift; a new power to believe all that God hath spoken. He may well rejoice. Many a soul has discovered in such an hour the path of duty, so long obscured from his certain view. Self has been so fully subdued, and Christ has come to be so pre-eminent, that the entire being exults to know and do the divinely-revealed work. We believe that thousands are entering upon this blessed new life in these latter days. Never could we by any word depreciate that holy baptism of fire.

But, now, this is not that holiness of character of which we speak. There is a distinction to be made between purity and maturity. The latter always contains the former; but the former is often seen without the latter. "Spiritual babies" have an experience of cleansing. Let such be encouraged to confess their Lord. In view, however, of the tests that await them, and the possible ripeness of these newly-implanted graces, let that confession be made with becoming modesty. Especially let the soul, thus made perfect in love, be encouraged to submit to God's method of advancement. Everything depends upon this. If the impression is received that this experience is not preparatory to something better, but is already perfect, in the sense of a final work, then the soul occupies a position of extreme peril. Pride and self-sufficiency will very probably displace that humility which should become the soul's permanent vesture. Holiness of character, therefore, should be the aim of souls. And such is our blessed privilege, that this experience may be more and more rich, as we proceed along the King's highway.—*Wesleyan.*

## The Christian Life.

Some India shawls are made of hundreds of pieces, some so small as to be only an eighth of an inch square, others of various sizes, none larger than a square half yard. Each piece, even the smallest, forms a complete bit of the pattern, and the right side being the under one on the frame on which it is woven is not seen by the weaver until the piece is finished. The pieces are

all so beautifully joined together that it is impossible to find the joining.

How often we are "discouraged because of the way," because we can only see the wrong side of the pattern our daily life is weaving. We forget "the Lord knoweth them that are His," and that "all things work together for good to them that love God." And should we not try to remember also, that though our place in the work may be a small one, the great fabric, the Church of God, would be incomplete if that place were not filled?

There is another point of similarity; each thread is bleached thoroughly white before being re-dyed for the shawl; and we also, before becoming a part of the Church, must be washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, "that He might present it to Himself, a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing," but that it should be holy and without blemish.

"I know the hand that is guiding me through the shadow to the light;
And I know that all betiding me is meted out aright.
I know that the thorny path I tread is ruled by a golden line:
And I know that the darker life's tangled thread, the richer the deep design."

—*British Evangelist.*

—Suppose the case of a calm at sea. The ship in the midst of the ocean is sometimes arrested in its progress by a dead calm. Every sail is spread to catch the breezes, but all in vain. The mariners look out day after day, with longing eyes, for a favourable gale to carry them onward. Perhaps when they are almost in despair, some clouds are seen in the horizon, a ripple appears upon the waters, the sails begin to fill, the wished-for breeze springs up, and the ship darts forward towards its destined port. Thus it is frequently with the Christian. Sometimes after using every means of grace, his soul seems motionless in the voyage, and his heart sighs for better days. His sails are spread, and he longs for the favourable breath of heaven. It is delayed, perhaps, to show him his weakness and inability, that he is entirely dependent on Divine grace, and that the Holy Spirit is the free gift of God. But at length the wind blows, every sail is filled, every faculty, affection, and power is engaged; he proceeds rapidly in his course, and is wafted along towards the desired haven.—*The late Rev. E. Bickersteth.*

# CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

## The World and the Church.

The greatest peril to the Church of the future, we apprehend, is not from infidelity, or free thought, as in the eighteenth century, nor from opposition and persecution as in the first three centuries, and at sundry times since, but from conformity to the world and a consequent lowering of her spiritual life. The Emperor Constantine was really a greater enemy to Christianity than the persecuting monster whom he overthrew. Under ten persecutions the early Church, like the Israelites in Egypt, the more it was oppressed the more it multiplied and grew. But raised to the purple and throned in power, it lost its primitive purity and sank, at times, to a depth of corruption but little better than the paganism which it supplanted.

From one danger, indeed, the Church of the future will be free. It will not be a State Church nor will it exercise political power. Even that great Church which for long centuries dominated Christendom and placed her foot upon the neck of kings, has now no more political power in her ancient seat of empire than the weakest of sects. Outside of the walls of the Vatican its authority is defied, and when a late attempt was made to gain political influence from the midnight burial of the Pope, the remains of the last temporal sovereign of a mighty line of pontiffs narrowly escaped being hurled—a sacrifice to popular hatred—into the Tiber. "A free Church in a free State," the dream and aspiration of Cavour is now a fixed fact in Italy.

In France the same divorce of the Church from political power, is taking place. Disestablishment in Ireland is destined soon to be followed by disestablishment in Wales, Scotland, and England. Germany, Austria, even Russia and Spain cannot long resist the movement, and thus one great opportunity and almost necessity of worldly conformity is being removed.

But we purposed speaking rather of the peril of Evangelical Churches and especially of Methodism in English-speaking lands. The day of the early probation of Methodism when, winnowed by the fan of persecution, the false and fickle fell off, the tried and true alone remained, has passed away. No Church in Christendom exhibits such a development from a despised and persecuted sect, everywhere spoken against, to a world-wide organization of which all men speak well. Methodism is no longer the Church chiefly of the poor, but also very largely of the rich. Witty novelists can no longer describe its services as confined to little Bethels and Ebenezers in narrow lanes. It has, especially in the New World, its stately and magnificent churches the peers of any in the land. In wealth, in culture, and refinement its congregations are equals of any, and its pulpit need not shrink from comparison with that of churches which were venerable and learned before Methodism was born.

In its prosperity is its chief peril. Avowed agnostics and infidels are comparatively few in number. Not one in ten thousand declares himself to the census commissioner as of no religion. It is not even respectable in polite circles not to belong to some Church. Hence for social reasons, and from professional or business policy many will attend and support Church institutions who have little religious principle, and naturally these will carry into their church relations much of worldly spirit and worldly influence. They dress as fashionably as any, their amusements and entertainments are those of the world. They are in the Church but not of it. They create an atmosphere of worldliness. They insensibly affect by their social influence those who seek to cultivate the inner and

the higher life. Young people especially breathe this unspiritual atmosphere, and the Church is menaced with a malaria of worldly conformity.

What are the antidotes to this danger? One is sustained and increased spirituality in the pulpit. We rejoice to know that the wealthiest and most fashionable city congregations hear from the pulpit no uncertain sound, but the whole counsel of God declared with the same boldness, zeal, and love of souls which have won such victories in the past. And looking beyond our own Church, we rejoice that beneath the dome of St. Paul, the venerable arches of Westminster Abbey, in the exquisite Church of Phillips Brooks and in the great Tabernacle of Dr. Talmage, and from ten thousand Christian pulpits the great evangelical truths of the Gospel are proclaimed with apostolic zeal and power.

The social services of the Church must also be maintained with energy and vitality. The prayer-meetings and class-meetings are the moral furnaces of the Church which raise its spiritual temperature and ward off torpidity and death. And, above all, a baptism of the Holy Ghost, a grand revival of religion will so endue the Church with spiritual life and power that frivolity and worldliness shall be consumed as flax in the flame, and pentecostal fires shall glow in every heart.

We need not seek non-conformity to the world by a recurrence to drab bonnets and straight-breasted coats, to barn-like chapels and unadorned homes. Beneath these exteriors may hide as hateful and un-Christ-like a spirit as that of a Caiaphas or a Judas. We must live in our own age and subject to its environment. Have we wealth, culture, social rank? Let them be consecrated to the service of God. Let us, like the Magi, bring our gold and frankincense and myrrh, our richest gifts and rarest to the Christ of Bethlehem. The vessels of gold and silver adorn more rightfully the temple of Jehovah than Belshazzar's impious feast. Let us not dwell in ceiled houses while the house of God lies waste. Let us have beautiful churches "exceeding magnifical," and a seemly service. Let us have stately music to celebrate, with Milton, "in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness—a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies." But let the glory of the Lord fill the house as it filled His temple of old; and let His presence there abide forever.

Let our homes be as bright and beautiful as we may. Let music, art, culture, and refinement adorn our lives, and literature and science inform our minds. But upon every adornment and every enjoyment let there be written, "Holiness to the Lord," and may He who gladdened with His presence the marriage feast at Cana, and the happy home of Bethany be the abiding guest of every house and every heart.

### The Masquerade Ball.

A social event, described by the press as the most brilliant which ever took place in Toronto, has attracted much public attention. As it has occupied whole broadsides of the newspapers, we shall not be intruding upon private affairs by a brief reference. Private hospitality we have, of course, no right to criticise; but the invitation of fifteen hundred persons to a masquerade ball at the Government House assumes a public character. The Lieutenant-Governor gives this entertainment, not in his private relation to his personal friends, but in his official capacity. We have reason to know that in certain cases at least, persons invited did not feel at liberty to accept the proffered hospitality on account of the character of the entertainment. Indeed, no member of the Methodist Church, no matter how prominent his social position, could, consistently with his religious obligations, be present at a masquerade ball. Now, we think it a matter of serious regret that the members of one of the largest and most influential Churches in the Dominion—we include all the Meth-

odist denominations—and no less loyal than any, should be prevented by the character of the entertainment from accepting the kind invitation of the Lieutenant-Governor and his estimable lady. We have, of course, no right to dictate to His Excelleney, but the conspicuous declinature by Methodists of those courteous invitations received, demands this explanation.

We think it would not be impossible to devise a class of receptions at which loyal Methodists might join with their fellow-citizens in doing honour to their Governors, both at Toronto and Ottawa, without doing violence to their consciences. The late Lieutenant-Governor Wilmot, of New Brunswick, gave such receptions. Another faithful Methodist, the ex-Lord Mayor of London, dispensed a generous hospitality at the Mansion House, never surpassed in its history, of a similar character. Ex-President Hayes, as the representative of a rich and proverbially hospitable nation of fifty millions of people, dispensed the hospitalities of the White House to the ambassadors and ministers of the great powers of the world, as well as to the political magnates and social *elite* of the nation, without dancing and without wine. These receptions clergymen of all denominations freely attended. They were conspicuously and properly absent from the late brilliant social event in Toronto. Even those who themselves masquerade would object to meeting their pastors in a similar guise, or even to meeting them at such an entertainment at all. Yet if it be wrong for the latter, how can it be right for the former? There are no separate moral codes for pastors and people. But into that question we do not here enter; for upon it there is among those for whom we write only one opinion.

### Police Courts.

In the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, W. D. Howells has a striking account of a day in a Boston Police Court. The whole affair seems to have been quite high-toned in its way—as became a Boston institution. The Judge and bar and spectators were above the average. Yet the writer felt that the whole tendency of such public trials was to harden and deprave those whom they daily entertained. If they were not beyond being the worse for anything gloating with delight over the details of crime—they were the worse for that trial. Why were they present? Theoretically, perhaps, to see that justice was done.

"It was as if the physicians in charge of a public hospital should permit that rabble to be present at a clinique for some loathsome disease, to see that there was no malpractice. If the whole trial could have taken place with closed doors, and with none present but the parties, the lawyers and the court, what possible harm could have been done? I think none whatever, and I am so sure of this that I would have all the police trials secret, but I would never have another police report in print—after this! Then the decency of mystery, and, perhaps, something of its awe, would surround the vulgar shame and terror of the police court, and a system which does no good would, at least, do less harm than at present."

The wretched victims, he says, were practically bidden to "go and sin some more." Personally, we never spent an hour in a police court—or any other court—in our life. Yet multitudes haunt these noisome purlieus week after week and year after year. Why keep up the demoralizing entertainment for the amusement of the unwashed and their greater demoralization, and as a theatre for the bravado of the criminals—to strut, the hero of the hour, before an admiring and often emulating audience. Public executions were once thought a menace to vice and bulwark of virtue. Now they are relegated to the ignominy of the jail-yard. Why spread the daily sewage of our cities in the sun and then distribute its moral malaria to every home, through the channels of the press? Why not hide its reeking nastiness in a sort of hos-

pital or morgue, where the ministers of justice might deal with it, as physicians deal with diseased bodies or cadavers?

### Marriage Law Reform.

There is every reason to believe that at the approaching session of the Dominion Parliament an important measure of marriage law reform will be passed. It will be remembered that last year a Bill legalizing a marriage with a deceased wife's sister was carried on the second reading in the House of Commons by a majority of 140 to 19, but was rejected in the Senate by 31 votes against 30. Of the latter majority there were some who admitted that they were not opposed to the principle of the measure, but voted against it simply on the ground that the general public had not been allowed sufficient time to express an opinion on the subject.

During the recess of Parliament public opinion has been very strongly expressed on this topic An association has been formed for the exclusive purpose of removing the present impediments to such marriages, with Sir Francis Hincks, Dr. De Sola, Professor of Hebrew in McGill University; Rev. Gavin Lang, and Dr. J. F. Stevenson, as an Honorary Committee, and R. D. McGibbon, Esq., as Honorary Secretary. Many leading journals of both parties have spoken strongly in favour of such legislation, and numerous and influential petitions will be presented to the House demanding it. It seems to us intolerable that such a restriction, for which there is no authority in Scripture or in common sense, should continue to be imposed. It is practically inoperative. It carries with it no penalties which public opinion would permit to be enforced. It is only irritating and annoying. But it is chiefly offensive as embarrassing the inheritance of property. The proposed Act is only permissive, not coercive; and why a small and bigoted faction, on account of an exploded and fantastic interpretation of Scripture, should seek to impose an intolerable yoke on their fellow-subjects, we cannot understand.

Good ink is an absolute necessity, and, until lately, such an article could only be obtained from Europe. Some two years ago the manufacture of a blue black writing-fluid, similar to that made in England, was commenced by E. B. Shuttleworth, a gentleman who has for many years been connected with chemical enterprises in Canada. The result has been eminently successful, and at the present time the inks made by Mr. Shuttleworth are used by the Dominion and Ontario Governments, and have found their way into the leading educational institutions of the country, and are giving universal satisfaction.

The flow of thought depends in no slight degree on the easy flow of the writing fluid. Ministers in preparing their sermons should make note of this.

One of Wesley's rules of society was that the Methodists—at the time of his writing a despised and frequently ostracised and "boycotted" community—should help one another in business, buy of one another, and employ members of the same household of faith preferably to others. In the same spirit we would call attention to the advertising patrons of this Magazine, as deserving of the confidence and patronge of the Methodist public. It is one of the rules of our Church that no member shall make, buy, or sell intoxicating liquors. Our readers, we are sure, will agree with us that those who keep this rule, like our friend E. Lawson of this city, have a superior claim upon their patronage to outsiders, who add to their legitimate trade the sale of those demoralising and crime-producing, and as the very name means, poisonous beverages.

# RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

## Wesleyan Methodist.

Tidings of good reach the Missionary Committee from India. Successful revival services have been held at Madras by the Rev. Coopoosawmy Row, himself a high-caste Brahmin. The establishing of the native orphanage has been a great power for good. Funds have been specially raised for a High School in Mysore, to which a well qualified young lady from London has been sent to take charge.

When the Thanksgiving Fund was commenced, Mr. Jevens, of Birmingham, offered $5,000. He further promised the sum of $45,000 to be devoted to the establishment of an Orphanage in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, on condition that the committee of the Thanksgiving Fund would add a sum of $50,000 to it, bringing up the total to $95,000. The offer was accepted, and now land has been purchased and the institution will in due time be commenced. It is to be known as the "Princess Alice Orphanage."

A great revival is reported from the French circuits in Guernsey. It commenced in a Sunday-school. Nearly five hundred persons have been received on trial during the last quarter. Persons varying from ten to seventy years of age, and of almost every station in life, have been converted, and in many cases whole families have covenanted to be the Lord's. The work has been carried on by special services, under the direction of the circuit ministers, with local help only. The local preachers and class-leaders have rendered good service, in many cases conducting the meetings themselves, with an occasional minister.

## Methodist New Connexion.

The annual report of the state of the chapel property of the Connexion presents the following facts: Eleven new churches and two schools have been erected during the year at a cost of $47,500, of which sum $19,415 have been raised; but in addition to this, $36,300 have been raised for reduction of debts, and $11,285 for alterations and improvements. The net sum raised, including other items, is $71,140. By means of grants and the stimulus given by them in the raising of local subscriptions, the chapel fund, since its formation, has aided in realising the large sum of $443,870 towards church and school property.

The Connexional Aid and Extension Fund, which was started for the purpose of raising $40,000, has already realized a list of promises amounting to $48,000.

Several of the home missions send a good report of progress. Evangelistic services, designed to reach the masses unaccustomed to attend the usual places of worship, have been held in some towns in the north of England with tokens of success.

## Methodist Episcopal Church.

The work of the Rev. W. F. Davis, of Massachusetts, among the lumbermen of Northern Michigan, estimated to number 40,000, has been very successful. Mr. Davis goes from camp to camp, singing and preaching as opportunity offers, and distributing reading matter. An effort is soon to be made to put this work on a substantial basis.

The South India Conference met at Bangalore in November. The Rev. A. G. Fraser, D.D., formerly a

missionary of the Free Church of Scotland, was admitted into the Conference, and nine young men were received on trial for the ministry.

Methodism in Norway, which began exactly a quarter of a century ago, has now 3,220 Church members, 16 local preachers, 38 Sunday-schools, 21 churches, and three preachers' houses. It thus surpasses Methodism in Denmark, where, however, there are 638 members, 13 schools, 700 scholars, and all in but nine years.

The Central Chinese Mission has established a school of the highest grade at Kinkiang, to be called the Fowler University of China, after the enthusiastic Missionary Secretary.

The Women's Hospital at Tientsin, China, established through the influence of Miss Howard, an American missionary physician, through whose care the life of Lady Li, the wife of the Viceroy, was saved, was opened Oct. 8th, several Chinese officials of high rank being present.

Central America, as a mission field, is now fairly entered. A member of the Church, now resident in San Jose, writes concerning the missionary teacher and preacher sent thither by the Rev. W. Taylor: "He is not wanting in honours, and has been appointed to conduct the Greek examinations of the Institute. More than that, he has a Sunday-school of more than fifty children, and a Bible class of some twenty adults. He has raised $150 for the Christmas festival, and every one with heart and hand working for him.

The Rev. Thomas Harrison is a most marvellously successful evangelist. While in San Francisco, over 500 persons presented themselves as penitents at his meetings. One minister received one hundred on probation. Another says: Convictions on account of sin have been deep and pungent.

In December the pastor of the Roberts Park Church, Indianapolis, received into the Church those who joined on probation when Mr. Harrison held meetings in that city. The following is the result: Probationers, 440; recommended for admission, 327; continued on trial, 73.

A pastor in New Jersey reports that the missionary collection of his church has been increased threefold, and the following is the method which produced such desirable result: "I districted the foreign field, and assigned the various divisions, Japan, China, North India, South India, Bulgaria, etc., to the several classes of the Sunday-school, and these are made responsible for the latest tidings from their respective fields. A report is expected once a month. Further, I have secured an entire session once in three months for the subject of foreign missions." To this means of enlightening the Church on the details of the great missionary work, the pastor attributes largely his success in this direction. This is a noteworthy achievement. Let other pastors and other Churches go and do likewise."

### Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Bishop Kavanaugh has spent the last year in California. He is in his 80th year, and yet he travelled from Oregon to Southern California, preaching from two to four sermons a week, and none of your little half-hour talks, but from one hour and a half to two hours at a time. His normal condition is preaching. Grand old herald of the cross, how many will rise up in the last day and call him blessed!

A "solid block of Methodism," a unique appointment, is what they call Antioch Circuit, in Middle Tennessee, which occupies about fifteen miles square, and has nearly 700 members; and in this whole territory there is no other religious organization, and there are probably not more than a dozen members of all other churches.

The Indian Territory has in it 87,000 red men and women, speaking 32 languages, and belonging to 37 tribes. It has churches and school-houses, but no tramps and no saloons, and it has an iron-clad

prohibitory law. It has something better still back of it, and that is a mounted police of Indians, with the United States uniform and gun on shoulder, out after the man who dares infringe their law.

The General Council of the Mucoqee (Creek) Nation recently appropriated a sum not to exceed $10,000 to rebuild Asbury Manual Labour School, near Enfaula, Indian Territory, which valuable property was destroyed by fire some time since. It was burnt down once before and rebuilt. This noble school has done so much for the Creeks that they are not willing to see it perish. Fifty boys are still being taught the English language, religion, farming, etc., at the ample residence of Judge Widham, which has been rented for the present. Rev. J. F. Thompson is the superintendent, the School being under the direction of the Board of Missions.

The Methodist Female Academy, established last winter for the Seminoles, under the superintendency of the Rev. W. S. Derrick, with Mrs. Sue Bryan as teacher, is making good progress. Quite a number of native preachers are at work seeking to disseminate the Gospel among the red people.

### The Methodist Church of Canada.

Pleasing intelligence reaches us respecting several successful missionary anniversaries which have been held in connection with various Conferences. The labours of the Rev. T. Crosby and E. Armstrong Telfer in Ontario, and L. N. Beaudry in the Maritime Provinces, have doubtless done much to augment the income The Sunday-schools appear to be taking a deeper interest in the mission-work than formerly. Those in Montreal occupy the most prominent place—their New Year's gathering was a grand success. The sum collected was no less than $3,392, being an increase of $197 over the previous year. The entire membership of these schools is 2,800, with an average attendance of 1,900.

As these notes are being prepared, news reaches us from Newfoundland that the Carbonear District missionary meetings have been held, and the result has exceeded all expectations.

We gather from the New York *Christian Advocate* that the Rev. Jacob Freshman, of the Montreal Conference, is endeavouring to establish a Hebrew Church in that city. He is encouraged by the sympathy of various denominations.

Our readers will deeply regret that the Academy at Sackville, New Brunswick, has been destroyed by fire. Happily the insurance policy will enable the Board to rebuild, and in the meantime the work of the institution is being conducted in other buildings.

A friend has just informed the writer that the labours of the missionary at Uffington, Muskoka, have been greatly blessed among the lumbermen in that locality. The brother, like a true missionary, goes from camp to camp, and seeks by every means in his power to do good. His willingness to sleep on the floors of the shanties and partake of the rough fare of the men, has won their esteem and convinced them that he seeks not theirs but them.

### Items.

The English Wesleyan Hymn-book and New Supplement has been translated into Tamil—the vernacular of the northern part of Ceylon. Every hymn in the book has been translated by one or other of the missionaries, and the whole printed in the native type at our mission press in Batticaloa.

Here is a statistical cordial for the people who are raving about the triumphs of Popery, and terrified about the reimposition of racks and thumbscrews: The English-speaking races have increased in the past eighty years from 24,000,000 to 81,000,000. The Protestants among them have increased from 14,000,000 to 59,000,000, or four hundred and twenty-one per cent.

# BOOK NOTICES.

*The Life of Richard Cobden.* By JOHN MORLEY. 8vo., pp. 640, with portrait. Author's edition. Boston : Roberts Brothers. Toronto : Wm. Briggs. Price $3.50.

This is an admirable companion volume to the Life of John Bright, recently reviewed in these pages. Each is the complement of the other, and together they give a complete history of the triumph of free-trade principles over the old Corn Laws. There can, we think, be no question that to Richard Cobden, more than to any other man, England owes her present commercial supremacy. Indeed, one of his admirers declares that he was "the greatest benefactor of mankind since the inventor of printing."

It is an interesting study to trace the development of the poor Sussex farmer-boy into the greatest economical leader of the age. All his schooling he received at a Yorkshire Dotheboy's Hall, of which he could never after endure to speak. He began business as a warehouse clerk in London, and soon after as a traveller for the house. He had literary ambition, studied French, and wrote a play, which was rejected, "luckily for me," he says, "or I should have been a vagabond all the rest of my life." With two other young men he began business on a capital of £1,000, and in two years were trusted by a Manchester house to the extent of £40,000. The confidence was not misplaced, the business prospered, and soon Cobden travelled in its interest and in the pursuit of health, in Europe, America, Egypt, and the Levant. The Anti Corn Law struggle began, and organized the famous Anti Corn Law League. Its motto was the Biblical one, "He that withholdeth the corn the people shall curse him, but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it." And during the famine years of the agitation, this motto was abundantly verified. The Irish Land League is mere child's play compared with this vigorous organization. The income of the League rose to £1,000 a week, then to £2,000 a week, and when a call was made at a Manchester meeting for a quarter of a million for printing, lecturing, and public agitation, £60,000 was subscribed on the spot. The Leaguers were in earnest, and after a strenuous seven years' struggle, they gained the victory. Cobden wrote to his wife, "My dearest Kate. Hurrah! Hurrah! The Corn Bill is law, and now my work is done." The food tax was abolished, and emancipated labour soon made England the richest country in the world.

Cobden, crowned with honours and with the thanks of a nation, save a few great landlords, set out to visit by invitation the great courts of Europe, and "to endeavour to enforce those truths which have been irresistible at home." At Madrid, Paris, Turin, Venice, Rome, Naples, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Moscow, the Pope, kings, emperors, statesmen, received and *feted* the hero of free trade, and the people dragged his carriage and shouted themselves hoarse in honour of the emancipator of labour. Well had it been for the rulers of Europe had they given greater heed to his arguments and warnings. Two years later, the Revolution of 1848 set their thrones rocking and tumbling to earth, and showed them the danger of sitting on the safety-valve and repressing the explosive forces of society.

During the Crimean War craze, Cobden and Bright and the peace party were the most unpopular men in the kingdom, and Cobden had the honour of being burned in effigy, and otherwise abused. Bright's noble protest against the war we have previously quoted. Cobden, speaking of England's foreign wars, declared that for them "God would assuredly exact a retribution." "'Oh,' but say the flatterers of our nation's vain gloriousness,'" he adds, "'we saved

the liberties of Europe.' Precious liberties," he bitterly exclaimed, "Look at them, from Cadiz to Moscow!" The truer guarantees of peace and liberty were the golden bonds of commerce, as he showed by the Reciprocity Treaty with France, which has enriched both nations, and made them friends, let us hope for ever.

Cobden's private life was chequered by much trouble. While he enriched a nation, he himself lived and died comparatively poor. He refused an office of ease and emolument, as he had previously refused a seat in the Cabinet, because he would not even *seem* to sanction the war expenditure of the nation. When besieged by place-hunters, including "brothers of peers, ay, 'honourables,' among the number," for his influence with the Government, he proudly replied, "I would not ask a favour of the ministry to serve my own brother."

The death of his son at school in Germany almost crazed his wife and wrung his own heart. His health was broken. His last trip to London was to oppose in Parliament an expenditure on fortifications in Canada. London smoke and fog brought on an attack of nervous asthma, and in a few days he died, his faithful friend Bright sitting by his side. Years before, as he strolled with a friend through the venerable Abbey Church of Westminster, his companion remarked that perhaps one day the name of Cobden might appear among those heroes. "I hope not," said Cobden, "I hope not. My spirit could not rest in peace among these men of war." So the remains of this great Englishman sleep beneath the yews of the little church of Lavington. He lived but sixty-one years. Yet had he witnessed the greatest social and economic revolution England has ever known, and to him more than to any other man this beneficent revolution is due.

Cobden's biographer makes only a single allusion to the religious side of his hero's character. It is a quotation from an address of Mr. Bright's :—"His daughter said, 'My father used to like me very much to read to him the Sermon on the Mount.' His own life was to a large extent," continues Mr. Bright, "a sermon based upon that best, that greatest of all sermons. His was a life of perpetual self-sacrifice." We think, however, that Cobden was less of a religious man than his Quaker friend. His speeches appeal less to high moral principles than to economical reasons. His philosophy, we judge, was a strictly utilitarian one—"the greatest happiness of the greatest number," and thus he failed to reach the highest rank of moral reformer—his who seeks to benefit the souls as well as the bodies of mankind.

*Sparks from a Geologist's Hammer.* By ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D. 8vo., pp. 400, illustrated. Chicago: Griggs & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $2.

The brilliant success of Dr. Winchell's earlier books, his scientific reputation, and his position as Professor of Geology in the University of Michigan gives to the present volume an unusual interest and value. The first part might be called Recreations in Science, being sketches of mountain adventure in Switzerland. There is, to the scientist, a peculiar fascination in the difficult task of climbing Mont Blanc. Dr. Winchell gives a graphic account, accompanied by excellent engravings, of the perils and exploits of this achievement.

In three admirable articles he deals with the question of geological time, as indicated by the upheaval and disintegration of continents—those great hour marks in the clock of the universe. He is more conservative in his views than many geological writers, and gives reasons to show that a period of 100,000,000 years offers ample time for the observed phenomena of the earth—in this estimate coinciding with that of Sir William Thompson. In three essays on geological climate, he reaches the same result, determining the dates of recent glacial epochs from astronomical data.

Although a believer in the theory

of evolution, and of the remote origin of man, his is not a materialistic, but a theistic, nay, a Christian philosophy. He reviews adversely Prof. Huxley's Lectures on the Evolution of the Modern Horse, through the Plio-, Proto-, Mio-, Miso-, Epi-, and Oro-hippus, and in a playful *jeu d'esprit* traces the genealogical descent in like manner of the modern steamship from the primitive dug-out or floating log of the primeval savage.

In these essays Dr. Winchell again proves his claim to be ranked with Prof. Proctor as one of the most brilliant and popular expounders of modern science. We do not, however, consider that he has disproved Prof. Southall's able argument as to the recent origin of man.

*Master Missionaries. Chapters in Pioneer Effort Throughout the World.* By ALEXANDER HAY JAPP, LL.D. Pp 398, illustrated. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.50.

The history of Christian missions presents a bead-roll of immortal names, whose story is as full of romance and heroism as any in the annals of the world. Life-sketches of ten of these "heroes of Christian chivalry," Dr. Japp has collected in this volume. The most considerable is that of James Oglethorpe, the friend of Wesley and Whitefield, and founder of the colony of Georgia as an asylum for the oppressed Protestants of Germany and for "those persons at home who had become so desperate in circumstances that they could not rise and hope again without changing the scene and making trial in a different country." And that class was very large. Twenty-four thousand debtors languished in the prisons of England, one-fourth of whom died every year. The story of the philanthropic labours of this founder of an empire is full of interest.

Among the other characters sketched are David Zeisberger, the pioneer Indian Missionary in the Ohio Valley and Canada; Hebich, the Finnish Missionary to the Hindus; Elmslie, the Scotch medical Missionary to Kashmir; Moffat, the missionary path-finder in South Africa; and Drs. Stewart and Black, his noble successors in carrying the light of life to the Dark Continent. One of the most remarkable of these sketches is that of George Washington Walker, the Quaker philanthropist, and of his Christ-like labours among the convicts of Tasmania and Botany Bay. The sweepings of the jails of England, the wretched chain-gang whose punishment recalls the tortures of Dante's *Inferno*, were subdued by the winsome spell of the Quaker's gospel of love. In a land of 15,000 convicts, he met with but one solitary rebuff. In sentencing convicts to these penal settlements, an English judge declared that the man's heart was taken out of them, and a beast's heart was given them, so irredeemably bad did they seem to become. The meteor flag of England waved over scenes of suffering too horrible to discribe. But the labours of the Quaker missionaries rolled away the reproach from England's fame and brought the light and joy of the Gospel to those dark lands, and dark hearts. The story of the heroic life and martyr death of Bishop Patteson, in the New Hebrides in 1871, and of the labours of John G. Fee, among the freedmen of the United States, conclude a volume of more than ordinary interest and importance.

*Without a Home.* By the Rev. E. P. Roe. 12mo, pp. 560. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.. Toronto: James Campbell & Son and William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

The literary history of the Rev. E. P. Roe is one of the most remarkable in modern times. Ten years ago he wrote his first story—"Barriers Burned Away," one suggested by the Chicago fire. Since that time it is safe to say that a quarter of a million of his books have been sold, besides circulating in the columns of great newspapers like the New York *Christian Advocate* and New England *Congregationalist*. The critics are puzzled to account for this remarkable popularity, but the fact remains.

He may not have the intricate and sensational plot of Wilkie Collins, the grotesque humour of Dickens, the fine character study of Thackeray, nor the keen psychological analysis of George Eliot. But he writes with high moral purpose, and preaches of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come, to a far wider audience than he ever reached with the living voice. His aim is not merely to amuse, like the ordinary story-teller, but to remove crying evils, to redress wrongs, to promote needed reforms. In the present volume, the most carefully written he has yet produced, he wages war upon the opium habit, New York tenement houses, and the over-work and under-pay of poor shop-girls in the great city. It is not an amusing story. It is one of pathos, of tragedy too deep for tears—of a home ruined and lives shortened through the drunkenness and vice of the husband and father, in whose soul all human instincts were perverted and destroyed by drink and drugs. The account of the opium habit seems to us overdrawn, but it is confirmed by the testimony of eminent physicians. In order to give verisimilitude to his descriptions, he visited, he says, scores of typical tenement houses, sat day after day with the police judges on the bench, and studied minutely the condition of the city's crowded poor. The book should quicken sympathy for much suffering which may be relieved, and should lead to practical results in its removal.

*The Life of Edmund S. Janes, D.D., LL.D.*, late Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By HENRY B RIDGAWAY, D.D. Pp. 428; illustrated. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $1.50.

This is the record of one of the noblest, purest, most devoted of men—a bishop fulfilling to the letter the inspired description of the Apostle Paul. To read his life is an inspiration to emulate his example and to catch his spirit. Bishop Janes was a singularly well-rounded and symmetrical Christian character. Never was man more fully consecrated to his work. It is on record that several times he was near to the Falls of Niagara and near the wonders of the Yosemite without ever beholding them. He could not cease from his God-appointed task for the personal pleasure of sight-seeing. This life by Dr. Ridgaway, the accomplished author of the best book extant on Palestine—"The Lord's Land"—possesses a fine literary charm. But, as far as possible, the Bishop is made to tell the plain, unvarnished story of his own life, by means of his copious correspondence, which is largely quoted. The tender domestic affections of Bishop Janes are beautifully revealed in his letters to his wife and children. We have read few things more touching than the letter to his daughter in heaven. We envy not the man or woman who can read it with dry eyes. If young preachers want a model of apostolic devotion amid the bustling activities, railroad travel, and complex life of this 19th century, let them read this biography. We shall endeavour to secure from a competent pen a sketch of this beautiful life.

*The Presidents of the United States of America, from Washington to the Present Time.* By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT and RUSSELL H. CONWELL. Large 8vo, pp. 640. Boston: B. B. Russell.

The patriotic American may well look with pride upon the record of the twenty presidents of the United States. We cannot but agree with the authors of this book that they will rank with the best of the kings whom the accident of birth has raised to a hereditary throne, and that it is doubtful if any other nation can present twenty consecutive rulers of equal excellence of character and administrative ability. Of course they were not all equally great. No one will compare a Washington, a Lincoln, or a Garfield with an "Andy" Johnson, or a Polk, or Pierce. It was the fortune of the first three to live in epoch-

making times, and of two of them to be canonized as martyrs for liberty.

It is a striking illustration of the flexibility of American institutions, that most of these men came from comparative obscurity—some from the very lowest rank—to be the head of a great nation, and when their term of office was over, descended again from the summit of power to the quiet vale of private life. We confess that the unostentatious mode of life and modest equipage of the presidents of a great and wealthy nation seems to us more dignified than the pomp and pageantry of many of the little princelings and kinglets of Europe. The residence of the chosen head of 50,000,000 of people is surpassed in every respect by the homes of hundreds of private citizens, and not even a policeman mounts guard at its gates ; whereas, the forty royal highnesses and grand dukes of Germany, till very lately, had each his petty court and royal palace, and army of flunkeys and guards.

The authors of this book are well-known and successful *litterateurs.* Mr. Abbott, while the work was in progress, ended his long and happy life. The book is characterized by moderation and impartiality of sentiment, and by an interesting and vivacious style. The enterprising and veteran publisher, B. B. Russell, Esq., Cornhill, Boston, who has issued more successful standard subscription books than, probably, any man in the United States, has left nothing to be desired in its mechanical execution. It has steel portraits of all the presidents, and numerous other steel and wood engravings, and is very handsomely bound in full gilt—an ornament for any parlour or library. We do not know the price, but we say it would be cheap at $4.

*Isms Old and New.* By GEORGE C. LORIMER. Pp. 367. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.75.

The name of Mr. Lorimer has been somewhat prominently before the public on the charge of plagiarism—one of the isms not noted in this book. Whether his explanations have been satisfactory or not, he here shows abundant evidence of an affluence of thought, without borrowing from any master, however noted. The preacher of these sermons avers that in working for Christ in a Chicago church, he found it necessary to prepare the ground for the Gospel by diminishing the confidence of the unconverted of his congregation in certain pervading forms of error. Hence this series of discourses on Agnosticism, Atheism, Pantheism, Materialism, Naturalism, Pessimism, Buddhism, Unitarianism, Spiritualism, Skepticism, Liberalism, Formalism, Mammonism, Pauperism, and Altruism.

These discourses are, within their prescribed limits, able discussions of the subjects treated. That on Spiritualism, or the Modern Necromancy, is a bold exposure of that compound of delusion and fraud. That on Buddhism is based largely on Edwin Arnold's beautiful poem, the "Light of Asia," but shows the infinite superiority of the true Light of the World. In opposition to the soul-benumbing doctrines of Pessimism, he breathes a cheerful Optimism, and shows that to the renewed soul, life, however lowly, is filled with joys unutterable, and that most of the sorrows of time are the result of Mammonism, selfishness, and sin. These sermons are extremely eloquent—almost too rhetorical—and are the best popular presentation of the errors reviewed, and their scriptural antidotes, that we have met.

*Voices from Calvary. A Course of Homilies.* By CHARLES STANFORD, D.D. London: Religious Tract Society. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. 272; price, $1.

Around the Cross of Christ gather the most momentous issues of time and of eternity. It is the central fact of the universe. The tragedy of the Cross is the supreme event in the history of the world. To the illustration of this sublime and solemn theme, Dr. Stanford de-

votes this devout and beautiful book. It treats of the incidents of our Lord's death, from Pilate's preaching the Gospel by the threefold inscription on the Cross, when

"God held his pen while he did write,"

through the seven cries of Jesus—to the glorious triumph of completed redemption. These discourses are among the most reverent and impressive we have ever read. But why not call them sermons, instead of the little used and somewhat Churchy word, homilies?

*Julia Reed.* By PANSY, author of the "Chautauqua Girls," etc. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 372; price, $1.50.

The popularity of the "Pansy books" increases with every one the accomplished author writes. They are interesting in incident, excellent in literary style, and breathe a spirit of earnest Christian life. Many, especially many young people, will receive deep religious impressions from those fascinating stories, who would be uninfluenced by didactic discourse. We like much the noble independence of spirit of the chief person in this book, shown by determining to earn her own living by becoming a bookkeeper in a large establishment, and by her noble development of character in her novel, and, in some respects, trying environment. This, like the other Pansy books, will be found admirably adapted for higher class Sunday-school libraries.

*Studies in the Book of Mark for Teachers, Pastors, and Parents.* By the Rev. D. C. HUGHES, A.M. 8vo, pp. 318. New York: I. K. Funk & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.

The aim of this book is threefold. To furnish expositions, accurate in scholarship, free from pedantry, and plain in style; to afford the S. S. worker abundance of biographical, historical, and geographical material for the unfolding of each lesson, together with careful treatment of such topics as miracles, parables, demoniacal possessions, and other difficult Bible questions; and to furnish for the family interesting reading on the S. S. Lessons, and for the pastor, superintendent, and teacher one organized and practical form of the lessons.

The book is divided into forty-eight sections, corresponding with the forty-eight lessons of the International Series. Each section is carefully analyzed, its words and phrases critically explained, and its persons and places accurately described. Errors are pointed out, and rendering of recent revisions indicated—thus adapting the work to the wants of all readers and students of the Word of God.

The author's long practice in the Homiletical Method has enabled him to bring home old truths with surprising vigour. It is the work for the family, the Sunday-school, and the pulpit.

*The Humboldt Library, No. 26. The Evolutionist at Large.* By GRANT ALLEN. 8vo., pp. 50. J. Fitzgerald & Co., New York. Wm. Briggs, Toronto. Price, 15 cents.

If the pernicious habit of novel reading is ever to be abated, that end will only be attained by bringing within the reach of all classes of readers, and especially the young, works which, while marked by all the graces of style that attract in works of fiction, at the same time possess the higher merit of being instructive. Such books are those of the Humboldt Library. By changing the size from a 4to. to an 8vo., the publishers have made them more convenient to read and preserve. Mr. Allen is a thorough-paced evolutionist, but in a preceding book of this series—Wainwright's Scientific Sophisms—we judge that his assumptions have been sufficiently discounted.

*The Tempter Behind.* By JOHN SAUNDERS. 12mo, pp. 297, illustrated Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

This is a stirring temperance story. It traces the degradation, through

drink, of a noble nature. A young Oxford student, brilliant, well connected, destined for the Church, through social drinking makes shipwreck of his prospects, and in spite of tears of repentance and vows of reform sinks deeper and deeper into an abyss of intemperance. Through the influence of human kindness, of religion, and, its most potent ally, a noble woman's love, the drink demon is cast out, and its wretched victim, restored to himself, sits clothed in his right mind at the feet of Jesus. He becomes an earnest evangelist and zealous temperance worker. The tale is well told by a veteran *litterateur*, and is calculated to do much good.

*Talks to Boys and Girls about Jesus, with Bible Links to make a Complete Life of Christ for the Young.* Edited by Rev. W. F CRAFTS. Illustrated and handsomely bound in cloth. 400 pp. New York: I. K. Funk. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

This book consists of a series of sermons on the International S. S. Lessons for 1882, by thirty successful preachers, to children in Great Britain and the United States. Dean Stanley, Bishop Coxe, Dr. Newton, Dr. Vincent, E. P. Hammond, Mark Guy Pearse (not "Gay," as misprinted), and the editor's, are among the distinguished names. Mr. Crafts has a capital Temperance sermon on the Slaughter of the Innocents, that we wish could be put into the hands of every boy and girl in Canada. The book, we think, cannot fail to give an impetus to the growing custom of preaching to children. The sermons, or rather the "sermonettes," are the right sort for young folk—about five minutes long. They all illustrate the lessons for the year, and the book contains twenty full-page engravings of Bible scenes.

*The Atlantic Monthly.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflen & Co. Pp. 144, $4 a year. Clubbed with METHODIST MAGAZINE for $5.20.

This we regard as the foremost literary magazine in America. It relies for its success solely on its intrinsic merit, apart from illustrations. No magazine ever, we think, had a stronger list of contributors. Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, Aldrich, Stedman, Rossetti, Howells, James, Story, Whipple, E. E. Hale, Mrs. Stowe, and a host of others, make a galaxy of genius unequalled in any periodical that we know. *Harper* we skim through in an hour. The *Atlantic* we read from beginning to end.

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## LEAN ON GOD.

Do like a child, and lean and rest
  Upon thy Father's arm;
Pour out thy troubles on His breast,
  And thou shalt know no harm;
Then shalt thou by His hand be brought,
By ways which now thou knowest not,
Up through a well-fought fight,
To heavenly peace and light.

—*Paul Gerhardt.*

# "BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR."

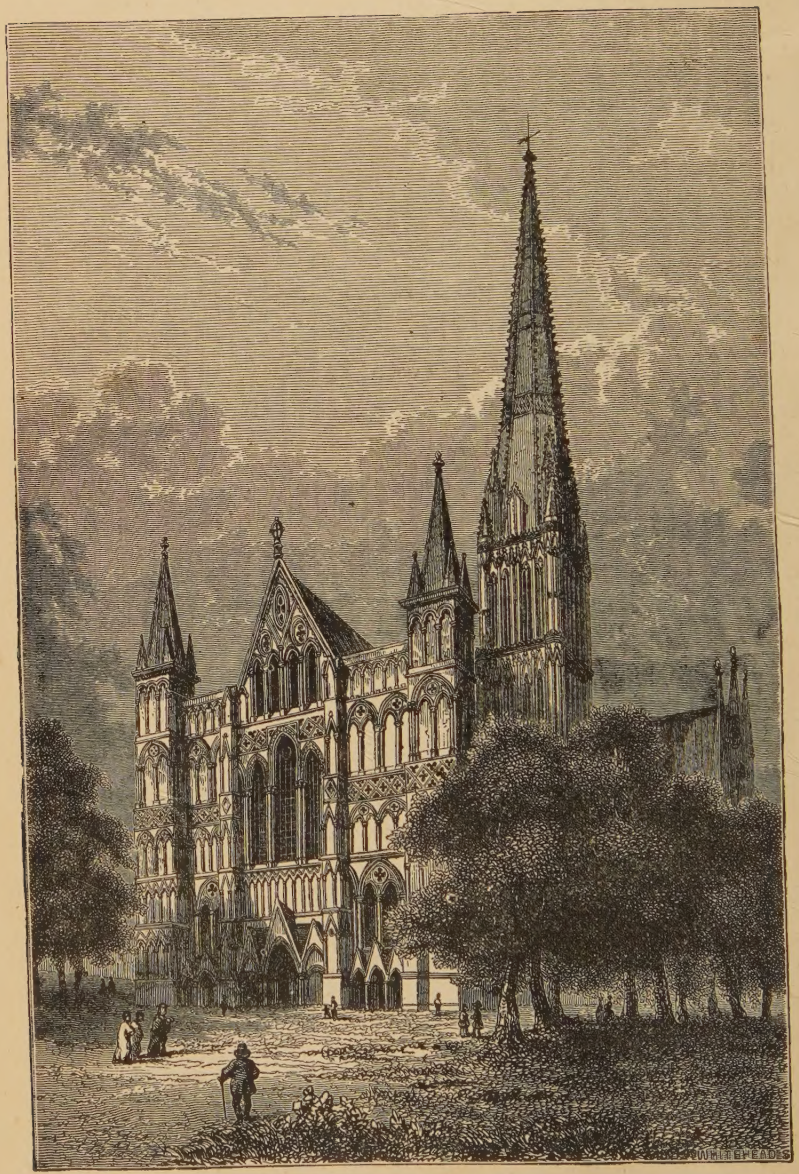
J. C. GUEST.

1 Knocking, knocking, who is there? Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
'Tis a pil - grim strange and king - ly, Nev - er such was seen be - fore.
Ah, my soul, for such a wonder, Wilt thou not un - do the door?
CHORUS.
cres.
pp Knocking, knocking. who is there? Waiting, waiting, Oh, so fair!
cres.
pp

2 Knocking, knocking, still He's there,
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

3 Knocking, knocking—what, still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crowned hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

4 Knocking! knocking! what, still there?
Wait not longer, grand and fair!
My poor heart is longing for Thee,
Beateth quick,—flings wide the door.
Come, my Saviour, whisper to me
Thy forgiveness evermore.



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.